

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

No. 451.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

EXTRAVAGANT COUNTY COUNCIL'S PROPOSED £1,700,000 PALACE.



This is the architect's sketch of the new County Hall which it is proposed to erect for the accommodation of the London County Council and its officials on the south side of the Thames, near Westminster Bridge. In spite of the heavy burdens already laid upon the ratepayer, it is suggested that £1,700,000 should be spent upon this palace.

DUKE OF MANCHESTER AS A CLERK ON A RAILWAY.

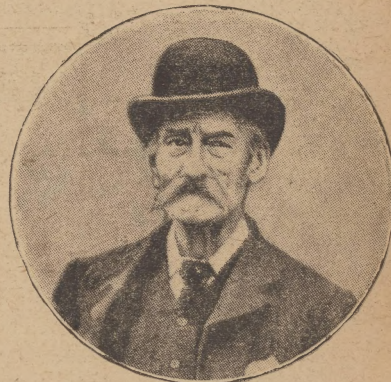


The Duchess of Manchester was formerly Miss Zimmerman, and her father, who is a great railway magnate, wishes the Duke to receive practical training in railway management, so that he may be able to exercise an intelligent control over his wife's vast interest in railway properties.—(Moffett.)



The Duke of Manchester has decided to act as clerk in the operating department of the Péré Marquette Railway at Detroit, U.S.A., in order to learn the details of railway working. He will begin at the bottom of the ladder, and have no privileges not accorded to other clerks.—(Moffett.)

THE CABMAN "BARONET."



The Tasmanian cab proprietor who has come to London to claim his title as Sir George Meredyth, Bart., and estates in Ireland. He was born in Bow-road, Stepney, and has been fifty-four years in Australia. For fourteen years he was in the Hobart City police force. Although seventy-three years of age, he has married a lady forty years his junior.

PERSONAL.

REX.—Two late for reply. Leave date to you.—GRMZ.
 DUBEL.—Meet Victoria same time. Letters forwarded.—CHAMBER.

MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advise me in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms of application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Carnarvon House, Temple London E.C.4.

* The above advertisements are received up to 2 a.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the notice of the editor by post or by letter. Trade advertisements in Personal Column eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after. Address Advertisement Manager "Mirror," 12 Whitefriars Lane, London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

ADDELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Ohio Stuart.
 EVERY EVENING, 8 o'clock, 9 o'clock, 10 o'clock.
 H.B. Irving, Oscar Asche, Lily Baynton, etc. HAMLET
 Matinee every 8 o'clock, at 2. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Matinee every 8 o'clock, at 2. Easter Monday, at 2. Tel. 2046 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
 TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. (Last 3 nights)
 LAST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK.
 April 24th to 29th inclusive.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
 TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. LAST 3 NIGHTS.
 MR. LEWIS WALLER and MISS EVA MOORE.
 LAST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. MOLLENTREVE ON WOMEN.
 By Alfred Suro. TO-NIGHT at 9 sharp.
 LAST 3 NIGHTS.
 FINAL PERFORMANCE SATURDAY EVENING NEXT.
 At 8.30. A MARKER OF MEN by Alfred Suro.
 LAST MATINEE (both plays) SATURDAY NEXT 2.15.

THE COLISEUM. Charing Cross.
 FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
 Telegrams, "Coliseum, London." Telephone No. 7699.
 Gerrard for Box 1s, 2s, and 3s; Stalls, 4s, 5s, and 6s; seats, and 7699 Gerrard for 1s. and 6d. seats. Children under 12 half-price to all stalls.

THE LYCEUM. HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES.
 TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.30 and 9. Matinee Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Popular Prices. Children Half-price.
 Managing Director—THOMAS BARRASFORD.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.
 GRAND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.
 Pushball, Musical Ride, Plaiting the Maypole, Tent Pegging, Stunts, 6d., 1s., and 2s.
 Military Band and numerous other attractions.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGELER'S."
 OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. The Smallest Ring in the World (only 35 inches high, and over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily, at 3 and 8. Prices 1s. to 5s.; children half-price. Box Office 10. Tel. 4138 Gerrard.

QUEEN'S HALL.
 EARLY MONDAY, at 3 and 8, and Following Afternoons and Evenings. ONE WEEK ONLY.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND.
 FAREWELL OF THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN BAND.
 Under the direction of PHILIP YORKE.
 Reserved seats 3s. 6d. at all Libraries, Chappell's Bookings-office, Queen's Hall, and at Sousa's Offices, 36, Gerard-street, W. Telephone 7353 Gerrard.
 PHILIP YORKE, Managing Director.

MOTORS AND CYCLES

LADY'S and Gent's 1904 free wheels; splendid condition; 42 inch—Hall, 115, Golden-square, Acton.
 LUCY-WHITEHEAD. Special gent's full roadster, 25in. frame, Clancher tyres, free wheel, rim brakes; grand touring machine; good condition; 45s.—A. R. Fisher, 11, Lambeth, Coventry.

MISCELLANEOUS

A.A.A.A.—"How Money Makes Money" (post free) how to write or copy letters, in simple language, how ladies or gentlemen may, without work, worry, or trouble, make large profits without any experience; how the money well do the rest; our clients are fully satisfied against loss as fully explained booklet. 2s. 10s. sufficient capital for commencement better terms than other firms copying our methods and booklet; they don't guarantee you against losing a penny of your capital—Henderson, Room 107, 11, Poultry, London, E.C.

A CURE in One Week for 1s. 1d. post free (wrapped in plain covers) suffering from general debility, rheumatism, hysteria, neuritis, etc., send postal order.—Real Cure Co., 65, Edgware-road, London.

BEAUFUL Bouquet, Banquets, Trade Dinners, Luncheons, or Breakfasts most liberally catered for at popular prices.—Queen's Hotel, outside West Station.

BUSSINGHAM BROS. Give a try order for either send to prove this, "try before you buy"; send 2 penny stamps for sample.—Taylor and Co. (Dept. M.), 149, Fleet-st., London, E.C.

HAIR DESTROYER.—James Depilatory instantly removes all superfluous hairs from face neck or arms without injury to skin. Post free 1s. 3d. at 2s. 6d.—Mrs. J. James, 48, Cheltenham Road, London.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all sizes and ages; or by post; full value by return or offer made.—Messrs. M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 135, Oxford-st. (opposite Hearn's), London, W.1.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money sent return post; if price not accepted teeth returned.—P. Perce, 10, Granville-st., Epsom, Surrey.

PUFFER Cured speedily and permanently with laxative positive home treatment; a certain remedy for man, woman and child; full particulars on receipt of 2 stamps.—D. R. Roberts, 45, Henley-road, Southsea.

REPTURE.—Gentleman cured himself will send free particulars of his experience. 2d. cure for "repture" treatment—SIX 96 3 Earl-st. Carlisle.

SIN TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED. Write Squire House, 115, Lambeth, London, S.E.1.

SUPERFLOUS Hair: acts like magic; most successful remedy known; permanent; harmless; never falls; will send sample for 10 penny stamps.—Adeline Managers, Taylor and Co. (Dept. M.), 149, Fleet-st., London, E.C.

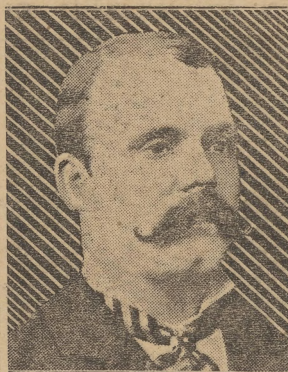
VARIOSUS Vitis. Bad Legs, etc., are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It is absolutely true the pain, swelling, tenderness, and disease fall particulars on receipt of two stamps.—D. R. Roberts, 45, Henley-road, Southsea.

WELL-KNOWN CITY MAN

SUFFERED FROM CHRONIC BRONCHITIS. Said to be Incurable.

VENO'S Lightning COUGH CURE

And is now Completely Cured.



W. F. WATTS, Esq., Broker, 13, St. Helens Place, London, E.C., writes
 February 14th, 1905:—

"For the past ten years, up to a few months since, I suffered from what, not one, but many doctors have from time to time told me was Chronic Bronchitis, which would never leave me permanently, because of the early neglect of myself. Although I must confess to perhaps being a natural Sceptic in regard to newspaper advertisements of wonderful cures, I will speak as I find, so that others may be induced to try the benefits conferred upon me. I may say that the use of your Lightning Cough Cure for a few weeks entirely falsified the prophecies of my doctors, and that, notwithstanding my occupation as a mortgage broker and business transfer agent, which compels me to lead a sedentary life, and also frequently exposes me to dangers of our English night air, I feel no longer suffering from any affection of the Chest or Bronchial tubes."

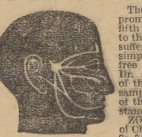
VENO'S Lightning COUGH CURE

The safest, purest, and most efficient remedy in existence; its equal has not yet been found. Ministers, doctors, and scientists recommend it for Chronic Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Weak Lungs, and Children's Coughs.

Trial Bottles, 9jd. Regular Sizes, 1/1 and 2/9.

Sold by Chemists everywhere.

ZOX Cures Neuralgia



ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS.

For Children cutting their Teeth.
 Prevent Convulsions.
 Are Cooling and Soothing.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS.

everywhere in stamped boxes at 1/1 and 2/9 with full directions.

£5 Per Week

Advertisement Writers. You can learn the MARVELOUS SECRET of this position. Illus' Prospectus Free. PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL, 109, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

To Readers of the "Daily Mirror," 13/4/1905.

HALF-PRICE SALE

A RARE CHANCE.

To meet the huge demand and large number of repeat orders we now hold a stock of 40,000 of these unusually well-finished, handsome COSTUME SKIRTS, made in BLACK and NAVY SERGE. Cut extra wide at foot and close-fitting over hips, by experienced tailors. Trimmed rich broad strappings, latest style. Beautifully stitched and finished. Will wear splendidly, and fit for any lady to put on at any time. All Applicants for Skirts mentioning this offer we will enclose a FREE Pearl Necklace or an 18-inch Gold Pattern Brooch or Bangles, with Heart Pendant, cased with pure Gold.

OUR GALAXY SALE CATALOGUE

is a work of art, brimming full of splendid bargains, well illustrated, showing a host of useful lines in Costumes, Skirts, Household Table Linen, Carpets, Hearthrugs, Curtains, etc., at prices, mentioning the paper.

Also GIVE AWAY BARGAIN.—THE GALAXY CATALOGUE is sent per return, post free, to any reader ordering Skirt No. 1,450, which is taken from many other startling bargains shown. When ordering mention length in front, and waist measurement, also colour preferred. As it is very doubtful whether we can repeat this unprecedented offer, you had better make no delay by ordering Skirt to-day.

Also GIVE AWAY BARGAIN.—THE GALAXY CATALOGUE is sent per return, post free, to any reader ordering Skirt No. 1,450, which is taken from many other startling bargains shown. When ordering mention length in front, and waist measurement, also colour preferred. As it is very doubtful whether we can repeat this unprecedented offer, you had better make no delay by ordering Skirt to-day.

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HODGSON & SONS (Dept. D.I.R.), Mfrs., Importers, and Merchants, Woodley Road, LEEDS.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.
 COUNTRY General (disengaged); excellent references; wash, cook, wash, and iron; wages near London.—Vernon, Hydon-st., Worsop.
 GENERAL, disengaged (20); excellent reference; £12.—G. A. Kabner, New Perry, Cheshire.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

ART Leatherwork, fully decorated; 100 choice designs; price of materials, 8 stamps.—Hanson Bros, Southport; materials supplied.
 RELIABLE Agents wanted for well-known firm; no 10 stamps to buy or carry; previous experience not essential.—address J., Box 1715, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars, E.C.4.
 STAGE.—East London Stage Academy has vacancies for a limited number of ladies and gentlemen wishing to join this profession; splendid opportunity; write for appointment—45, Market-st., Bow.
 STAGE.—Splendid opening for ladies and gentlemen wishing to adopt this profitable profession; tuition free.—Write Ward's Agency, 10, Garsington, Strand, W.C.2.

Domestic.
 WANTED, Cook (good) in a business house; to sleep in.—Apply housekeeper, 119, Wood-st., Chesham.

HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

Auctions.
 LAST DAY'S SALE.
 ETHELINGS and LINDSAY VICKERS IMPORTANT FOUR DAYS SALE.—Re the late T. Books, Fine Art Publisher, 7,000 high-class works, including 70 lots suitably framed for immediate hanging.
 MESSRS. PROLIERO and MORRIS will SELL by AUCTION, at their CENTRAL SALE ROOMS, 97 and 99, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.4, THIS DAY (Thursday), April 13th, at 12.30, 2,000 high-class painted and printed illustrations, many of them framed and unframed, comprising examples after Marcus Stone, R.A., Sir A. Tudman, R.A., Denny Badier, E. Crofts, R.A., E. W. Wain, R.A., and others. The pictures are framed and unframed, and many other noted painters of the present day. The majority of the lots are in the first signed state.
 On view, Chancery Lane.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.
 BATH.—Well-furnished ten-roomed house; short or long period; open situation.—Box 1774, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars, E.C.4.

HOW to free yourself from the payment of rent.—It is easy; many thousands have done so, and if you would like to know how, send a postcard mentioning "Daily Mirror" to W. C. Bigham, 75, Bishopsgate, West Without, E.C.2.

STREATHAM-HILL.—Convenient Houses and self-contained Mansions; pleasantly situated and close to the station, good train service to City and West End, and electric trams to the Regents Park and the Houses, which are tastefully decorated, contain eight rooms, bath, etc.; rents from £54; the Mansions are conveniently situated and contain three, four, and five rooms each, are furnished with gas fittings and bins, and some have a bathroom; rents from £27.50. To view and further particulars with photo, apply to Mr. Butts, 1, Amersburg-av., Streatham-hill, S.W.

Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.
 FREEHOLD, unfurnished; three rooms; no other lodgers.—16, Hillmorton-rd., Camden-rd.

FREEHOLD modern Country House, 5 bed, 2 reception rooms, 1 bath, 1250 sq. ft. built on 12 acres, 100 ft. frontage; 2500; easy maintenance; company's water if required.—Broke, Walsingham, Norfolk.

LEWISHAM (close Junction).—Only 640 cash; just beautifully repaired; ready to occupy on 9th; 6 good rooms, bath, and 2 bath; large garden; 100 ft. frontage; price only £275, or £240 cash and balance £35 a year.—Mr. Fisher, 20, Wornwood-st., City.

£17 CASH.—Freehold Bungalow, one acre most productive land, 100 ft. frontage, built on 100 ft. frontage; neighbourhood; 2000; 100 ft. frontage; no law costs.—Home-stands (O.L. Ltd.), 27, Essex-st., Strand, W.C.

MARKETING BY POST.

EASTER Poultry. From the country, saving market expenses.—For 5s. I will send pair of good Chickens, trussed.—Graft, Poultry Breeder.

FISH: Fresh; 6lb. 2s.; 12lb. 3s.; 14lb. 3s. 6d.; 21lb. 5s.; 28lb. 6s.; 35lb. 7s.; 42lb. 8s.; 49lb. 9s.; 56lb. 10s.; 63lb. 11s.; 70lb. 12s.; 77lb. 13s.; 84lb. 14s.; 91lb. 15s.; 98lb. 16s.; 105lb. 17s.; 112lb. 18s.; 119lb. 19s.; 126lb. 20s.; 133lb. 21s.; 140lb. 22s.; 147lb. 23s.; 154lb. 24s.; 161lb. 25s.; 168lb. 26s.; 175lb. 27s.; 182lb. 28s.; 189lb. 29s.; 196lb. 30s.; 203lb. 31s.; 210lb. 32s.; 217lb. 33s.; 224lb. 34s.; 231lb. 35s.; 238lb. 36s.; 245lb. 37s.; 252lb. 38s.; 259lb. 39s.; 266lb. 40s.; 273lb. 41s.; 280lb. 42s.; 287lb. 43s.; 294lb. 44s.; 301lb. 45s.; 308lb. 46s.; 315lb. 47s.; 322lb. 48s.; 329lb. 49s.; 336lb. 50s.; 343lb. 51s.; 350lb. 52s.; 357lb. 53s.; 364lb. 54s.; 371lb. 55s.; 378lb. 56s.; 385lb. 57s.; 392lb. 58s.; 399lb. 59s.; 406lb. 60s.; 413lb. 61s.; 420lb. 62s.; 427lb. 63s.; 434lb. 64s.; 441lb. 65s.; 448lb. 66s.; 455lb. 67s.; 462lb. 68s.; 469lb. 69s.; 476lb. 70s.; 483lb. 71s.; 490lb. 72s.; 497lb. 73s.; 504lb. 74s.; 511lb. 75s.; 518lb. 76s.; 525lb. 77s.; 532lb. 78s.; 539lb. 79s.; 546lb. 80s.; 553lb. 81s.; 560lb. 82s.; 567lb. 83s.; 574lb. 84s.; 581lb. 85s.; 588lb. 86s.; 595lb. 87s.; 602lb. 88s.; 609lb. 89s.; 616lb. 90s.; 623lb. 91s.; 630lb. 92s.; 637lb. 93s.; 644lb. 94s.; 651lb. 95s.; 658lb. 96s.; 665lb. 97s.; 672lb. 98s.; 679lb. 99s.; 686lb. 100s.; 693lb. 101s.; 700lb. 102s.; 707lb. 103s.; 714lb. 104s.; 721lb. 105s.; 728lb. 106s.; 735lb. 107s.; 742lb. 108s.; 749lb. 109s.; 756lb. 110s.; 763lb. 111s.; 770lb. 112s.; 777lb. 113s.; 784lb. 114s.; 791lb. 115s.; 798lb. 116s.; 805lb. 117s.; 812lb. 118s.; 819lb. 119s.; 826lb. 120s.; 833lb. 121s.; 840lb. 122s.; 847lb. 123s.; 854lb. 124s.; 861lb. 125s.; 868lb. 126s.; 875lb. 127s.; 882lb. 128s.; 889lb. 129s.; 896lb. 130s.; 903lb. 131s.; 910lb. 132s.; 917lb. 133s.; 924lb. 134s.; 931lb. 135s.; 938lb. 136s.; 945lb. 137s.; 952lb. 138s.; 959lb. 139s.; 966lb. 140s.; 973lb. 141s.; 980lb. 142s.; 987lb. 143s.; 994lb. 144s.; 1001lb. 145s.; 1008lb. 146s.; 1015lb. 147s.; 1022lb. 148s.; 1029lb. 149s.; 1036lb. 150s.; 1043lb. 151s.; 1050lb. 152s.; 1057lb. 153s.; 1064lb. 154s.; 1071lb. 155s.; 1078lb. 156s.; 1085lb. 157s.; 1092lb. 158s.; 1099lb. 159s.; 1106lb. 160s.; 1113lb. 161s.; 1120lb. 162s.; 1127lb. 163s.; 1134lb. 164s.; 1141lb. 165s.; 1148lb. 166s.; 1155lb. 167s.; 1162lb. 168s.; 1169lb. 169s.; 1176lb. 170s.; 1183lb. 171s.; 1190lb. 172s.; 1197lb. 173s.; 1204lb. 174s.; 1211lb. 175s.; 1218lb. 176s.; 1225lb. 177s.; 1232lb. 178s.; 1239lb. 179s.; 1246lb. 180s.; 1253lb. 181s.; 1260lb. 182s.; 1267lb. 183s.; 1274lb. 184s.; 1281lb. 185s.; 1288lb. 186s.; 1295lb. 187s.; 1302lb. 188s.; 1309lb. 189s.; 1316lb. 190s.; 1323lb. 191s.; 1330lb. 192s.; 1337lb. 193s.; 1344lb. 194s.; 1351lb. 195s.; 1358lb. 196s.; 1365lb. 197s.; 1372lb. 198s.; 1379lb. 199s.; 1386lb. 200s.; 1393lb. 201s.; 1400lb. 202s.; 1407lb. 203s.; 1414lb. 204s.; 1421lb. 205s.; 1428lb. 206s.; 1435lb. 207s.; 1442lb. 208s.; 1449lb. 209s.; 1456lb. 210s.; 1463lb. 211s.; 1470lb. 212s.; 1477lb. 213s.; 1484lb. 214s.; 1491lb. 215s.; 1498lb. 216s.; 1505lb. 217s.; 1512lb. 218s.; 1519lb. 219s.; 1526lb. 220s.; 1533lb. 221s.; 1540lb. 222s.; 1547lb. 223s.; 1554lb. 224s.; 1561lb. 225s.; 1568lb. 226s.; 1575lb. 227s.; 1582lb. 228s.; 1589lb. 229s.; 1596lb. 230s.; 1603lb. 231s.; 1610lb. 232s.; 1617lb. 233s.; 1624lb. 234s.; 1631lb. 235s.; 1638lb. 236s.; 1645lb. 237s.; 1652lb. 238s.; 1659lb. 239s.; 1666lb. 240s.; 1673lb. 241s.; 1680lb. 242s.; 1687lb. 243s.; 1694lb. 244s.; 1701lb. 245s.; 1708lb. 246s.; 1715lb. 247s.; 1722lb. 248s.; 1729lb. 249s.; 1736lb. 250s.; 1743lb. 251s.; 1750lb. 252s.; 1757lb. 253s.; 1764lb. 254s.; 1771lb. 255s.; 1778lb. 256s.; 1785lb. 257s.; 1792lb. 258s.; 1799lb. 259s.; 1806lb. 260s.; 1813lb. 261s.; 1820lb. 262s.; 1827lb. 263s.; 1834lb. 264s.; 1841lb. 265s.; 1848lb. 266s.; 1855lb. 267s.; 1862lb. 268s.; 1869lb. 269s.; 1876lb. 270s.; 1883lb. 271s.; 1890lb. 272s.; 1897lb. 273s.; 1904lb. 274s.; 1911lb. 275s.; 1918lb. 276s.; 1925lb. 277s.; 1932lb. 278s.; 1939lb. 279s.; 1946lb. 280s.; 1953lb. 281s.; 1960lb. 282s.; 1967lb. 283s.; 1974lb. 284s.; 1981lb. 285s.; 1988lb. 286s.; 1995lb. 287s.; 2002lb. 288s.; 2009lb. 289s.; 2016lb. 290s.; 2023lb. 291s.; 2030lb. 292s.; 2037lb. 293s.; 2044lb. 294s.; 2051lb. 295s.; 2058lb. 296s.; 2065lb. 297s.; 2072lb. 298s.; 2079lb. 299s.; 2086lb. 300s.; 2093lb. 301s.; 2100lb. 302s.; 2107lb. 303s.; 2114lb. 304s.; 2121lb. 305s.; 2128lb. 306s.; 2135lb. 307s.; 2142lb. 308s.; 2149lb. 309s.; 2156lb. 310s.; 2163lb. 311s.; 2170lb. 312s.; 2177lb. 313s.; 2184lb. 314s.; 2191lb. 315s.; 2198lb. 316s.; 2205lb. 317s.; 2212lb. 318s.; 2219lb. 319s.; 2226lb. 320s.; 2233lb. 321s.; 2240lb. 322s.; 2247lb. 323s.; 2254lb. 324s.; 2261lb. 325s.; 2268lb. 326s.; 2275lb. 327s.; 2282lb. 328s.; 2289lb. 329s.; 2296lb. 330s.; 2303lb. 331s.; 2310lb. 332s.; 2317lb. 333s.; 2324lb. 334s.; 2331lb. 335s.; 2338lb. 336s.; 2345lb. 337s.; 2352lb. 338s.; 2359lb. 339s.; 2366lb. 340s.; 2373lb. 341s.; 2380lb. 342s.; 2387lb. 343s.; 2394lb. 344s.; 2401lb. 345s.; 2408lb. 346s.; 2415lb. 347s.; 2422lb. 348s.; 2429lb. 349s.; 2436lb. 350s.; 2443lb. 351s.; 2450lb. 352s.; 2457lb. 353s.; 2464lb. 354s.; 2471lb. 355s.; 2478lb. 356s.; 2485lb. 357s.; 2492lb. 358s.; 2499lb. 359s.; 2506lb. 360s.; 2513lb. 361s.; 2520lb. 362s.; 2527lb. 363s.; 2534lb. 364s.; 2541lb. 365s.; 2548lb. 366s.; 2555lb. 367s.; 2562lb. 368s.; 2569lb. 369s.; 2576lb. 370s.; 2583lb. 371s.; 2590lb. 372s.; 2597lb. 373s.; 2604lb. 374s.; 2611lb. 375s.; 2618lb. 376s.; 2625lb. 377s.; 2632lb. 378s.; 2639lb. 379s.; 2646lb. 380s.; 2653lb. 381s.; 2660lb. 382s.; 2667lb. 383s.; 2674lb. 384s.; 2681lb. 385s.; 2688lb. 386s.; 2695lb. 387s.; 2702lb. 388s.; 2709lb. 389s.; 2716lb. 390s.; 2723lb. 391s.; 2730lb. 392s.; 2737lb. 393s.; 2744lb. 394s.; 2751lb. 395s.; 2758lb. 396s.; 2765lb. 397s.; 2772lb. 398s.; 2779lb. 399s.; 2786lb. 400s.; 2793lb. 401s.; 2800lb. 402s.; 2807lb. 403s.; 2814lb. 404s.; 2821lb. 405s.; 2828lb. 406s.; 2835lb. 407s.; 2842lb. 408s.; 2849lb. 409s.; 2856lb. 410s.; 2863lb. 411s.; 2870lb. 412s.; 2877lb. 413s.; 2884lb. 414s.; 2891lb. 415s.; 2898lb. 416s.; 2905lb. 417s.; 2912lb. 418s.; 2919lb. 419s.; 2926lb. 420s.; 2933lb. 421s.; 2940lb. 422s.; 2947lb. 423s.; 2954lb. 424s.; 2961lb. 425s.; 2968lb. 426s.; 2975lb. 427s.; 2982lb. 428s.; 2989lb. 429s.; 2996lb. 430s.; 3003lb. 431s.; 3010lb. 432s.; 3017lb. 433s.; 3024lb. 434s.; 3031lb. 435s.; 3038lb. 436s.; 3045lb. 437s.; 3052lb. 438s.;

NAVAL FIGHT REPORTED.

Rumours of a Battle Near
Anambas Islands.

RUSSIAN RESOLVES.

Admiral and Men Will Win or Die
for Country.

By A NAVAL EXPERT.

A fight is in progress near the Anambas Islands. Details are lacking. Five Dutch warships are present.

So runs a telegram received, says Reuter, by the Amsterdam "Handelsblad" from its Batavia correspondent.

The fact that corroborative rumours come from various other parts gives a certain probability to the Batavian story, while all the world is hourly expecting to hear of a great naval fight between the fleets of Rojestvensky and Togo.

At the same time, no official confirmation of these reports was obtained in London yesterday, and an inquiry at the Japanese Legation last night was met with the reply that no news had been received supporting them.

That there has been an action is, nevertheless, far from improbable, though it is unlikely to have been more than an attack by Japanese small craft on the anchored Russian squadron, such as we forecasted in our issue of yesterday.

There is, too, nothing impossible, although we may admit such a result is not likely, in the reports that were widely circulated in Russia on Tuesday night of a Russian victory, for Admiral Togo



SCENE OF THE NAVAL BATTLE.

cannot safely risk his whole fleet in a general action, and an attack by light, swift craft involves considerable risk of premature discovery and defeat.

Before Rojestvensky there is a great opportunity. The maintenance of free transport communication between Japan and the seat of military operations is absolutely vital to the existence of our ally's army in Manchuria, and the battle of brains between Togo and Rojestvensky—the one seeking to avoid, the other doing his best to bring about, a general engagement—might even prove to be the turning point of the war. It seems that the Russian Admiral is determined now to play the part of a sailor, if we may judge by a letter from an officer of the Kniaz Suvaroff, his flagship, which has been published in the "Russ." "From the Admiral downwards," the writer says, "we are all resolved to sacrifice ourselves for the Fatherland. We are determined to die; there will be no turning back."

TSAR'S ANXIETY.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" says that Prince Melikoff, Marshal of the Nobility of the Caucasus, stayed several hours with the Tsar yesterday.

The Prince spoke of Rojestvensky's arrival in Chinese waters.

"You do not know," said his Majesty, "how much I am moved. I am anxiously awaiting news. I know no more than the public,"—Central News.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN "VOTE OF CENSURE."

Says He Does Not Expect To Win
Next Election.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain delivered a forty-minutes' speech yesterday at the annual general meeting of the Liberal Union Club, touching upon most of the political questions of the hour. The closing portion of his address was the most germane to his position as the pioneer of protection.

Whatever, he said, was the position of the Government and of the Party, it had not, so far as the signs showed, been affected by the tariff reform agitation.

Whatever might have been the causes of the defeats at the by-elections, it could not be shown that it was due to proceedings which took place long after the antagonistic movement showed itself.

He had often asked, having regard to the importance of the question, that he could not reasonably expect that it would be carried even at the first election. Although they had lost a few supporters, if the majority remained staunch to their cause, success was certain at no distant date.

Time was with them and not with their opponents.

Referring to the question of Home Rule he differed from the Duke of Devonshire in considering that it was still a continuing and serious danger, so long as the great majority of the Liberal leaders absolutely refused to repudiate the doctrine, and so long as a majority of their members were largely dependent for their seats upon the pledges they had given.

The shilling tax per quarter on corn had been declared by Lord Goschen to be protective, and that being so, he did not see how anyone could contend that a tax of two shillings per quarter, coupled with preference to our Colonies, could be termed protective.

AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

"Mr. Bowles is the critic of every Government to which he does not belong,"—Mr. Chamberlain at the Liberal Union Club.

"Mr. Chamberlain is the destroyer of every Government to which he does belong,"—Mr. Bowles in the House of Commons.

HOPE LOST IN THE GRAVE.

Funeral of the Boy Who Showed Signs of
Life in His Coffin.

The funeral of a child, which had been postponed for four days under remarkable circumstances, took place at South Norampton, near Alfreton, Derbyshire, yesterday.

The boy, who was the nine-year-old son of a carpenter, was believed to have died of meningitis on Thursday, and the burial was fixed for Monday.

When the mourners had assembled, however, the little one showed signs of life, and he was at once removed from the coffin under the direction of three doctors who were speedily summoned.

Placed before the fire, he was carefully watched for a considerable time, but ultimately the medical men pronounced life extinct.

Great sympathy is felt for the parents, who had thus had their fond hopes dashed to the ground.

STORM-STUCK PYRAMID.

Enormous Boulders Wrenched From Their
Places and Hurlled Down.

An extraordinary thunderstorm which broke over Cairo is reported by the "New York Herald" Paris edition.

The storm-cloud burst directly over the town, and a torrential downpour began. In five minutes the streets were like running rivers.

The axes of carriage wheels in some places were actually under water.

An impressive incident occurred at the Ghizeh Pyramids shortly after half-past three.

The smaller pyramid was struck by lightning at the apex. The shock must have been of tremendous force, as several enormous boulders were wrenched away from their settings and thundered down the side to the desert.

The cavity where the bolt fell is distinctly visible from Mena House Hotel.

PRESIDENT'S FIGHT WITH A SNAKE.

Mr. Roosevelt's strenuous holiday has been marked by two sensational incidents at Frederick, Oklahoma. He killed a 6ft. rattlesnake with a short riding-whip, after it had made four vicious "strikes," and he caught a live wolf.—Lafan.

TREPOFF'S NIECES SEEK DEATH.

General Trepoff's two nieces are believed to have attempted suicide, says the Russian correspondent of the "Echo de Paris." It is said that after the arrest of a relative, Mlle. Leontieva, who had converted them to anarchy, one tried to shoot herself and the other to throw herself under a train. It is certain they are ill, but their family speaks of an "accident."

Sir H. "C.-B.'s" Challenge Accepted
by the Prime Minister.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Wednesday Night.—Quite the most exciting feature of to-day's sitting was the vote of censure of which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gave notice in connection with the MacDonnell correspondence.

The Liberal leader demanded a day for the discussion of the letters.

With a passing taunt that this was "a belated vote of censure" upon the administration of the late Chief Secretary, who had left office for more than a month, the Prime Minister at once accepted the challenge, and it was arranged that a day for the motion should be found after the Easter holidays.

What is Mr. Gerald Loder's position since he failed to secure re-election for Brighton on his selection for appointment as a Junior Lord of the Treasury?

Amid the boisterous merriment of the Opposition, a batch of questions upon this interesting problem were addressed to the Prime Minister to-day.

"I rather doubt," said the Premier, "whether Mr. Gerald Loder is, as a matter of fact, a Junior Lord of the Treasury at this moment. I believe he is not."

MR. LODER'S POSITION.

"Under the Statute a member vacates his seat on accepting office—but before being installed Mr. Loder accepted office and vacated his seat, but he has never been made a Lord of the Treasury."

This reply created peals of laughter, the meaning of which was conveyed to Mr. Balfour by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the following words:

"Is the office now vacant?" asked Mr. Whitley.

"Yes, it is," replied the Prime Minister.

"Does the First Lord intend to take steps to fill up the post?" inquired Mr. Herbert Samuel.

The Prime Minister was not to be drawn. "The hon. member will have full notice of that," he said with a smile.

And at the time the laugh was with the Government supporters.

Talk has turned a good deal in the Lobby to-night on Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the meeting of the Liberal Union Club to-day, and the prevailing view is that the member for West Birmingham is now striving hard to strengthen Mr. Balfour's position, and thus secure greater unity among the different sections of the Party.

Mr. Chamberlain is a sufficiently keen electioneer hand to know that his chances of ultimate success lie entirely in keeping the Unionist forces together, and there is little doubt that this will be the key to his policy during the next few months.

Again, to-day, the discussion in the Commons has turned entirely on the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in respect to income-tax.

Some mild protests have been made that he has not been able to do anything this year in the direction of a reduction; but the entire House has accepted his decision with absolute calmness.

STRANGE CHERBOURG LIGHT.

Experts Undecided Between Venus, Jupiter,
and a Joke.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—The mysterious light at Cherbourg still eludes explanation.

"It is the work of some practical joker, who is amusing himself at the expense of the good folk of Cherbourg," said the secretary of the Paris Observatory to me to-day.

"It is the light of Venus," said M. Flammarion, the famous astronomer. "Venus is at her brightest this year, as she was when Bonaparte returned in triumph from his Italian war."

"Then she was so bright that the crowd looked at her whilst they cheered Bonaparte. 'Your star, sir,' was the answer to his inquiry as to what they were looking at."

Jupiter is the cause of these lights," says the commander of the Chasse-loup-Laubat.

Whatever may be the cause the Minister of the Marine has ordered an official inquiry to be made.

EARTHQUAKE DEAD TOTAL 13,000.

Lord Curzon estimates the total loss of life in the great Indian earthquake at 13,000.

He reports Major Battye, 2nd Battalion 4th Gurkhas, alive and uninjured, but his two children are dead. Mrs. Battye is injured, but doing well.

Two hundred pilgrims visiting the religious fair at Jowala Mukhi in the Kangra Valley, were killed by the earthquake. A native doctor shortly after found their surviving friends gay and unconcerned, and making no effort to exhume the bodies.

POPE AND ENGLISH ACTOR.

Sir Charles Wyndham has received an honour probably unique in the chronicles of the British stage. He was yesterday received in audience by the Pope at the Vatican.

?

'Daily Mirror,' 'Daily
Chronicle,' 'Daily News,'
'Daily Express.'

WHICH HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION?

The "Daily Chronicle" came out yesterday with the definite statement that it has a larger sale than the "Daily News." In other words, it claimed to have the largest sale of any Liberal morning newspaper in the United Kingdom.

Whether that statement be accurate remains for the "Daily News" to prove. Until the "Daily News" reveals its actual sales, the "Daily Chronicle" is entitled to its claim.

But, as a matter of fact, the daily newspaper with the second largest circulation in the United Kingdom is the *Daily Mirror*, a certificate of whose sales since the start is now in course of preparation by a firm of chartered accountants—not an old certificate, dated more than eighteen months back, as in the case of the "Daily Express," but a certificate up to date.

This detailed certificate will be very largely advertised, and it will be imperative on the part of the other newspapers mentioned to disclose detailed facts.

PRINCE AND LITTLE FOLK.

How H.R.H. Cheered the Baby Patients
at Guy's Hospital.

Several baby patients at Guy's Hospital have had the honour of the personal attentions of the Prince of Wales.

In the course of a surprise visit to the hospital, his Royal Highness entered the "Martha" ward—one of the sunniest in the whole hospital.

Though the childish patients are of the tiniest, his Royal Highness conversed with several of them. Two of these, Charlie Jenkins and Billy Marshall, are now consequently feeling very proud of themselves, in spite of their tender ages.

Charlie is a tiny fellow of eighteen months, with fair, curly hair and a laughing face, who was unable, on the ground of his extreme youth, to inform the *Daily Mirror* what passed between his Royal Highness and himself.

Billy, however, is senior to his fellow patient by nearly three years, and declared that the Prince was an extremely kind man, though he was disappointed by his not appearing in uniform.

The Prince also took a great interest in a baby whose face was covered with plaster. The child was being treated for a hare-lip, and the two others had been operated on for hernia. All three are now nearly well.

It is hoped that the visit of his Royal Highness will give a fillip to a "Million Shilling Fund" now in force at the hospital.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S RETURN.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, accompanied by their two daughters, returned to London last night from their long foreign tour.

They took leave of Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden (who is betrothed to Princess Margaret) at Paris yesterday morning, and arrived at Charing-cross at 5.30 p.m., being met by Prince Arthur of Connaught.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Several villages were swept away and more than a hundred natives drowned in the recent cyclone in Madagascar.

A quarrel at the Thalia Theatre, New York, nearly led to disaster. The audience stampeded, believing there was a fire, but no one was hurt.

Count von Tattenbach will head the mission which is to proceed to the Moorish Court at Fez to arrange a Morocco-German commercial treaty.

GRAND OPERA AT THE GAIETY?

Is Mr. George Edwardes About to
Produce "Parsifal" ?

COSTLY EXPERIMENT.

Will Mr. George Edwardes produce grand opera? It is generally felt that the taste for musical comedy has become a little jaded, and the man himself who made this form of entertainment popular recently declared that the days of musical comedy are over.

But if Mr. Edwardes did decide to take up grand opera it is certain he would strike a new line altogether.

What would the music-loving public say if he were to produce an opera, for instance, like "Parsifal"? And at the Gaiety Theatre, too?

This question is not merely interesting speculation. The *Daily Mirror* is in a position to say that during Mr. Edwardes's recent trip to America he had "Parsifal" under discussion with Mr. Henry W. Savage, the well-known impresario, and the idea of its production in English in London was mooted.

One thing is certain: Mr. Savage will see Mr. Edwardes during the course of the next few days, as he has already left America, travelling by the ss. La Lorraine.

Nothing Definite Settled Yet.

A *Daily Mirror* representative was informed yesterday by Mr. W. H. Dawes, one of the managers who accompanied Mr. Edwardes on his recent trip to America, that nothing definite was arranged.

For "Parsifal" to be given in this country at a theatre in English would be an event of the highest interest, and would mark a new epoch in grand opera in England. At least £2,000 a week would have to be spent on it.

Wagner's idea, it is generally believed, was that the music-drama should only be produced at Bayreuth.

"Parsifal" was the composer's last and greatest work, and was first produced under his own direction at Bayreuth six months before his death, creating a huge furore.

It is based upon the legend of the Holy Grail as set forth in twelfth and thirteenth century poems. The libretto was completed before Wagner's visit to London in 1877, but the music, which was begun in the following year, was not finished until 1882.

Enthusiastic encomiums have been heaped upon it, and "Parsifal" has often been said to form a fitting crown to a brilliant career.

"WRONG MAN" CASE.

Singular Confusion Over Two Covent Garden
Porters of the Same Surname.

An extraordinary case of mistaken identity came before Mr. Marsham at Bow-street yesterday.

A Covent Garden porter named William Stevens was charged with stealing a box of cucumbers from a youth who picked him out of eight other men as the culprit.

On the day following the arrest Thomas Stevens, who is no relation to William, gave himself up as the offender, saying that he did so in order to clear the other man.

Mr. Marsham pointed out that Thomas was considerably stouter than the other man.

The Boy: William Stevens had just had something to eat when I saw him.

Mr. Marsham: He was swelled out a bit, you think.

William Stevens was discharged, and the other man, who now pleaded not guilty, was committed for trial.

"DEAD" HUSBAND RETURNS.

An extraordinary story of mistaken identity was revealed in the Glasgow Police Court yesterday.

A man named Daniel Grant left his wife and family in 1898, and in 1900 the wife identified a body in the Glasgow Workhouse as that of her missing husband.

She held a wake over the body, and collected the insurance money.

The husband confronted the wife a few days ago, and yesterday the man was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment for desertion.

IMPORTANCE OF FINGER-PRINTS.

"The chances are a hundred thousand millions to one against the suggestion that the impression on a piece of glass was not made by the prisoner's right ring finger."

So spoke Inspector Collins, of the Finger-print Department, New Scotland Yard, in a case at Bootle, Liverpool, yesterday.

It is expected by many trade unionists that the War Office will intervene in the Army boot strike.

AMERICAN LAW GIVES HIM MONOPOLY OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The Court holds that Marconi exercised high degree of inventive ability. Declare important claims three and five for elevated conductor system valid and infringed by De Forest.

This New York cablegram gave great satisfaction yesterday at Mr. Marconi's London office. It was the decision of the United States Court as to an infringement of Mr. Marconi's patent by the De Forest Wireless Company.

Mr. H. Cuthbert Hall, managing director of the Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, told the *Daily Mirror* that these "claims three and five" are fundamental and essential to all wireless telegraphy.

This decision therefore gives Mr. Marconi the monopoly of wireless telegraphy in the United States, and should it be upheld in other courts will give him the world's monopoly.

Mr. Marconi, who is now staying in New York, has informed the Press there that with his new magnetic detector, capable of recording 100 words a minute, he will be able within two years to send wireless messages round the world, via Australia, from a station now building at Pisa.

The German liner *Wilhelm II.*, which has arrived in New York, reports that a wireless message from the Cunard liner *Caronia* enabled her to avoid a collision with a number of icebergs. She passed thirty-two in one day.

CLEANING A CHURCH.

How a Band of Voluntary Helpers Got Into
Difficulties.

One thing is necessary to complete the cleansing of the interior of Tolmers-square Congregational Church, Hampstead-road, and that is—scaffolding.

Clad in old clothes and coarse aprons the Rev. Frederick Hastings and young men of the church have, by their own efforts, removed the grime from the floor upwards as far as they could reach by the aid of ladders.

A fair is now being held in the Tolmers-square Institute, and the proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of the necessary scaffolding, so that the work may be finished to the satisfaction of all concerned.

BEAUTY AND CRIME.

Extraordinary Career of a Young Woman
Who Traded on Her Good Looks.

Possessed with attractive looks and a stylish demeanour, Octavia Blanche Beckett, who is twenty-two years of age, made a somewhat striking figure in the dock at the Newington Sessions yesterday.

She was sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the second division for obtaining rings, valued at £60, from a Mr. Woodward by means of a false cheque.

Her story, as related by Detective-inspector Badcock, was a remarkable one.

She was born in Norfolk, and was the daughter of a butcher.

She was brought to London by her mother, whom she robbed and practically ruined.

After getting the jewellery from Mr. Woodward she committed a similar robbery on a gentleman at Portsmouth.

Returning to town she made friends with a servant left in charge of her master's house, from which place Beckett decamped with a quantity of goods.

Several boarding-house keepers were also among her victims.

ACTOR'S LAMENT.

Mr. Laurence Irving Protests Against a
"Hotchpotch of Frivolous Music."

The lack of interest in genuine drama was deplored by Mr. Laurence Irving in a forcible speech made at Worcester, where he is appearing in a play the action of which is entirely laid in Worcestershire.

His somewhat small audience he compared to the crowded houses which delighted in "that hotchpotch of frivolous music, nonsensical plot, and indelicate suggestion."

He had concluded that the citizens of Worcester shared the ambitions and tastes of Upper Tooting! Whilst Worcester sympathises with Mr. Irving, the inhabitants consider the speech was somewhat indiscreet.

It is pointed out that residents of a cathedral city do not favour visits to a theatre in mid-Lent.

PRINCESS AS PEARL-WASHER.

Before leaving Colombo for England in the *Ortona*, Prince and Princess Dhuleep Singh bought 6,000 oysters at the pearl fishery and had them washed. They obtained about 500 pearls, but too small to be worth the money and trouble spent on them.

GLUT OF WOULD-BE "GIBSON GIRLS."

Mr. Seymour Hicks Holds a Comic
Levee at His Theatre.

168 CANDIDATES.

Mr. Seymour Hicks advertised a day or two ago for some ladies to act as "Gibson Girls."

He expected to have to perform a gigantic "Judgment of Paris," and had nerved himself for a solemn ordeal, but he was positively alarmed when about mid-day the stage-doorkeeper said, through the telephone:

"There are 168 waiting in the court, and the police are getting anxious. The public think there is a special ladies' matinee."

"What are they like?" asked Mr. Hicks tremulously. The reply was inaudible.

"I'll start the judging at once," said Mr. Hicks desperately.

To the *Daily Mirror* he described the ceremony: "Some of them were quite forty; one had cork-screw curls; another might have been 'The Ugliest Woman in London' without her veil."

"One young lady came with her mother. 'What have you done before?' I asked timidly."

"'Nothin' but 'ousework,' she cried; 'but I 'ave long 'ad me he on the stage as a less hirsute occupation.'"

"I gazed at her in silence. 'You are too handsome for the stage,' I said at length."

"She turned to her mother. 'There, I told yer wot it'd be, ma.' And with that they went."

"I have engaged my 'Gibson Girls,' but not one of the 168 was any use."

ALLIANCE OF ART.

Learned Society Formed to Strengthen Bonds
of Amity Between England and France.

A new link between England and France was forged yesterday when the first meeting and lecture of the newly-formed Anglo-French literary, scientific, and artistic society was held at 6, Brunswick-square.

The proceedings opened with a few witty and amusing remarks from Miss Dreyfus, the charming French lady who has been invited to give the Alliance Française to form this new society.

At fixed dates French lecturers will come to London to speak on French literature, and English lecturers will go to Paris for a similar purpose.

There will also be social evenings, at which all the members will meet, both here and in Paris. Professor Medola, in whose house this meeting took place, in a few words introduced the first lecturer, M. Hughes le Roux, a great scientist and traveller.

The audience included the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Lintlogan, the Rance of Sarswald, Lord Avebury, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir Norman and Lady Lockyer.

MISSILE FROM THE DOCK.

Prisoner Aims at a Recorder and Has His
Sentence Increased.

The need for searching prisoners before bringing them into court was forcibly illustrated at the Recorder's Court, Leeds, yesterday.

Mr. Tindal Atkinson had just sentenced a miner named John Jones for stealing cigarettes and other property when the prisoner suddenly drew from his breast-pocket a quart wine-bottle.

"Mind, mind!" called out the Recorder to warn his colleagues, at the same time deftly dodging the missile, which missed his head by a few inches, and came equally near hitting the Clerk of the Peace.

The revenge of outraged justice was prompt and severe.

The sentence of eighteen months, which provoked the thief to this violence, was forthwith increased to five years' penal servitude.

"I am surprised that the man had not been searched," remarked the Recorder, going on with the next case.

MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

Weston-super-Mare is agitated by the mysterious disappearance of Miss Willis, aged twenty-four, a visitor from Trowbridge.

A stranger informed the piermaster that he saw a slight figure jump into the sea from the pier on Tuesday night.

Later Miss Willis's hat was found. It is feared she committed suicide.

BISHOP FINED.

The Bishop of Bristol was fined five shillings yesterday at Bristol for having a chimney at the palace on fire.

MILE OF CONFUSION. Collapse of a Railway Bridge Stops Canal Traffic for Days.

The fall of an unfinished iron railway bridge close to Bromley Station, on the Tilbury line, has stopped all traffic on the Linchouse Canal.

Yesterday the amazing spectacle of a great girder, 150ft. long, encumbered with light iron-work, sprawling across the bed of the canal attracted crowds of sightseers. A photograph is taken on page 8.

The girder weighs 176 tons, and in its fall almost cut a barge in two, but by a miracle no one was hurt.

More than a mile of barges—upwards of 100—are "held up," their navigators, in picturesque knots and groups, idly speculating on the duration of their travels may be resumed—certainly not this week.

To the big warehouses and mills which line the canal, and depend upon it for regular clearance of their goods, the stoppage is an extremely serious matter. Litigation is bound to follow.

The cause of the breakdown is a mystery. The outer side of the new bridge was suddenly seen to turn over, and in an instant it fell with a terrific crash into the water.

A powerful crane will be required to haul out each cumbersome fragment.

"NOT WANTED."

Faulty Official List Puts an M.P. in an
Embarrassing Situation.

A curious incident was related when the Standing Committee on Law yesterday, at the House of Commons, resumed consideration of the Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Bill.

Mr. James Morrison, who had been appointed a member of the Committee in place of Sir James Heath, attended a previous sitting on Monday, but was informed that he was not a member, and could not sit. He asked to see a list of the names, and not finding his name there, retired.

Mr. Galloway asked that, as an important amendment had been lost on Monday by a majority of one, after Mr. Morrison had gone away, the question should be put again.

But the Chairman said that though he was very sorry for what had occurred, he had to rule that Mr. Morrison had voluntarily abandoned his claim to vote. There had been several mistakes in the printing of the Committee list, and Mr. Morrison was told he was not a member of the Committee without reference to the Chairman.

CABMEN CHAUFFEURS.

Army of 700 Drivers Ready To Transfer
Their Skill from Horses to Motor Cabs.

London waited anxiously yesterday for the long expected vehicles of the Motor Cab Company, which were to have been given a trial run before being put on the streets.

Some slight misunderstanding at the makers, however, temporarily postponed their appearance.

The Motor Cab Company, it may be remembered, made an agreement with the members of the London Cab Drivers' Union that their cab would be driven by members of the union, and since then 700 cabbies have qualified as chauffeurs at the Gerrard-street School.

The first new cabs are to be of the hansom shape, but later on brougham-like vehicles will be put on the roads. Their speed will be twelve miles an hour, and the chauffeurs are to be paid 30s. a week.

WESLEYAN REVOLUTION.

Sweeping Changes Probable in the Rules
Governing Admission of Members.

Great interest will be created in the Wesleyan Methodist community to-day by the publication of the report of a Committee on Church Membership.

No longer will regular attendance at a "class meeting" be regarded as the test of membership. It will be sufficient in future for would-be members to place their names on the "class roll" without attending the "class-meeting."

At the same time a new rule is introduced. Church members will in future be publicly "recognised" on joining the Church. This recognition ceremony brings the Methodist Church into line with other evangelical churches, and, with the abolition of the class-meeting test, constitutes the most radical change effected in the community since the days of John Wesley.

Few doubt the acceptance of the committee's recommendations.

WELCOME FRUIT ARRIVALS.

Though the supply is small, strawberries and cherries were on sale yesterday for the first time in all fashionable London fruiterers'. Strawberries fetched 8s. 6d. per lb. and cherries 3s. a box.

COMEDY OF RENT-COLLECTING.

Incident of a Rich Alien's Tour of
His 300 Houses.

YIDDISH "BRITON."

No name could be more English than "Harry Stirling."

Mr. Justice Darling and a common jury thought how English it was when it was mentioned as belonging to a defendant in a slander action heard yesterday.

Mr. Mark Specterman, who is not an Englishman, but is worth £35,000, and owns 300 houses, was the plaintiff, and the matter complained about was certain abuse during one of his weekly rent-collecting tours.

When Mr. Specterman's counsel said that Mr. Stirling, "unlike an Englishman," had "run away" and failed to admit that he had spoken the alleged slanderous words, the Court felt its natural pride quite hurt.

Mr. Specterman detailed the words from the Englishman—spoken in the open highway near the Englishman's house—that he considered so injurious to his reputation. They were, according to him:—

"Here is not Gurney-street. You vas in the papers in prison for Gurney-street. Go back to vere you vas before."

"Did he say that in English?" Mr. Specterman was asked.

Mr. Specterman: Most of the language vas in Yiddish. (Great surprise in court.)

Not an Englishman.

At this point the Court was let into a secret. Mr. Harry Stirling, it was announced, is not an Englishman.

Mr. Justice Darling (to counsel for the plaintiff): You blamed him for not behaving like an Englishman. What is he?

Counsel for Mr. Stirling: A Russian. (Loud and much relieved laughter.)

Mr. Justice Darling (with a puzzled air): How did he get the name of Stirling?

The information asked for was not supplied to his Lordship.

Mr. Specterman went on to refer to the violent "languages" that the Anglo-Russian used to him.

Mr. Justice Darling: Wasn't your horse very much shocked? (Mr. Specterman drives in a trap when he collects his rents from his 300 houses.)

Mr. Specterman: He was too far away. (Loud laughter.)

Asked whether he did not retort to Mr. Stirling's "violent languages," Mr. Specterman replied that he had £90 in silver in his pocket.

Case which Ought to Fail.

Mr. Justice Darling: I suppose if you had made a remark it would have been so violent that it would have made the money jump out of your pocket. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Stirling's counsel: Was it a fast day or a feast day when Mr. Stirling spoke to you?

Mr. Specterman: It wasn't the black face.

The Judge: It was not what?

Mr. Specterman (repeating himself with a pleasant smile): It was not the black face, when we sit in the synagogues all day. (Loud laughter.)

Counsel for Mr. Stirling submitted that there was "no case," as the slander was alleged to be in Yiddish, and was set out in English in the pleadings.

Mr. Justice Darling: I think this is the sort of case that ought to fail for any reason that can be given. There will be judgment for the defendant.

Spectators at the back of the court (sotto voce): Hurrah for Old England!

FRAUD BY TELEGRAM.

Well-Connected Young Man Cheats His
Sister's Wealthy Friends.

A painful scene was witnessed at the West London Police Court yesterday when William Cunliffe, who is only twenty years of age, and lives at Shepherd's Bush, was committed for trial on a charge of false pretences.

His sister, who was in court, fainted away and had to be carried out.

Cunliffe, it was stated, had, with an elder brother who has absconded, given great trouble to his family, who are extremely well connected.

For two years he stayed in America, and then reappeared in this country, where he and his brother soon squandered their money.

They then devised the scheme of telegraphing to their sister's wealthy friends for loans in her name, collecting the money shortly after the wire had arrived.

"You have," said the magistrate, "blighted your own career and brought disgrace and unhappiness on your family."

Driven ashore on the rocks at Hoy, an island of the Orkney group, the Grimby steam trawler Courser, it is feared, will become a total wreck. The crew are safe.

GLOVES FOR ELECTIONS.

M.P.'s Step-Daughters and "Horny-Handed Sons of Toil."

Mr. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., M.P., made a good witness when he was yesterday under cross-examination in the action brought against him in the Chancery Division by his step-daughters, Miss Thompson and Mrs. Kenneth Grahame, wife of the secretary of the Bank of England. The ladies claim from him, as trustee of their late mother's will, an account of the income of the trust estate.

Asked by Mr. Lush, K.C., whether he had called Mrs. Grahame an "astute woman," Mr. Fletcher Moulton said he felt certain that the word he should have used was "cute." It was a joke in the family, he said, that Mrs. Grahame was the best bargainer of the lot.

In proof that they all used to live happily together, Mr. Moulton mentioned that when there was an election his step-daughters assisted. All the family turned out upon occasions.

Questioned by Mr. Hughes, for the plaintiffs, as to whether there were items for electioneering in the accounts submitted, Mr. Moulton's reply was "No."

"There were, however," he explained, "a dozen pairs of gloves, and a parasol costing 14s. 9d. The gloves were for the ladies to shake hands with the horny-handed sons of toil."

There was also an item of £20 for turtle soup supplied to Mr. Kenneth Grahame while he was ill.

The hearing was again adjourned.

NEW KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.



The Earl of Meath, who will to-day be created a Knight of St. Patrick. —(Elliott and Fry.)

DRIVEN TO BURGLARY.

Sad Story of Man Who Was Tempted to
Crime by Sheer Want.

Convicted of burglary at the Newington Sessions yesterday, William Smart, a young carpenter, was bound over under the First Offenders Act.

A constable found Smart in a house in Rose-court, Home-hill. When he knocked at the door Smart put his head out of the window and said, "It is all right, constable. I live here."

The officer did not believe him, and took him into custody.

Further inquiries showed that the man had been out of work for some time, and was in great distress.

His wife stated that on the day of the burglary she had spoken sharply to her husband about being out of work.

She felt, she said, that she was somewhat to blame in the matter, and this statement probably influenced Mr. McConnell, K.C., in arriving at his lenient decision.

VICTORY FOR A MOTHER.

As some consolation for her separation from her children Mrs. Leonore Margaret Pearson succeeded yesterday in her case against Mr. William Edward Pearson.

She demanded from the latter that he should carry out the bargain which she said he made when she gave up her younger child to him.

The jury found that she was entitled to £180, arrears of maintenance claimed.

MURDER WITNESS THREATENED.

Charged with assaulting Mary A. Compton, of Hale-street, Deptford, an important witness in the Deptford murder case, Ellen O'Leary was yesterday fined £3, or a month, at Greenwich.

Compton, it was said, had been threatened in connection with the murder case.

"LITTLE HURRICANE."

Strange Sequel to a Partnership
in Dressmaking.

MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

A special King's Bench jury yesterday awarded £75 damages to Miss Ada Ellen Applegate, of High-street, Marylebone, who alleged that she was induced to enter into partnership with Mr. Edward Tredwen by misrepresentation.

According to Miss Applegate's story she answered an advertisement offering a partnership in a dressmaking and millinery business at Lanark Lodge, Maida Vale.

She went to that address and saw a Miss Dawson and Tredwen, whom the former addressed as "Father."

Tredwen, whom she knew as Mr. Dawson, promised to put £100, and it was arranged that Miss Applegate should bring her customers to Lanark Lodge, and that she was to live there.

She was somewhat suspicious as to the relations which existed between Miss Dawson and Tredwen. She did not discover the real state of affairs until a day before he was leaving for Australia.

Ordered to "Clear Out."

What she then found out, said learned counsel, placed Miss Applegate in an awkward position, but she thought that she was bound by her agreement to remain for a year.

A day or two before Tredwen was due back she had a discussion with Miss Dawson, who ordered her to "clear out" immediately.

There had been no genuine business apart from the customers brought by Miss Applegate, nearly all of whom left her, and she now complained that she had been grossly misled.

Miss Applegate denied, in cross-examination, she left of her own free will, or that she owed Miss Dawson £24 for board and lodging.

The defence was that Miss Applegate did not leave because of the relationship between Tredwen and Miss Dawson, but because she was unable to pay her board and lodging.

Mr. Tredwen, who gave evidence, said that his association with Miss Dawson was not flaunted before Miss Applegate, but no attempt was made to conceal it.

"Miss Dawson always called me father," he went on to say, "it was a sort of pet name."

"Miss Applegate was called 'little Apple,' and Miss Dawson the 'little hurricane,' because she ran round so much."

"I never called Miss Dawson my daughter. I always called her 'Jess,'" he concluded.

GOLD RINGS ON THE STREET.

Old Woman's Clever Bait for Vain and
Credulous Girls.

"Ring dropping" is the popular and exact description of the offence for which an old woman named Johanna Kennedy was yesterday sentenced to six months' hard labour at Westminster Police Court.

Detective-sergeant Reid said he watched her in Sloane-square dropping showy rings in front of servant-girls.

He overheard her say: "It is 18-carat, and if it won't fit my dear, you can have it for 4s. I'm a poor old widow woman, and a nice ring is no use to me."

To the officer she offered the excuse that it was necessary for her to get a living somehow. She bought her stock of rings at 4s. 6d. a dozen.

HANDCUFF KING VICTIMISED.

Well-Known "Gao-Breaker's" Exciting
Chase After a Man Accused of Theft.

A curious story of how Harry Kardoc, known as "Handcuff King" and "Gao-Breaker," lost a watch-chain and a sovereign-purse whilst travelling in a Great Northern train from Barnet, was related at the North London Police Court yesterday.

In connection with the affair, James Coleman, fishmonger, of Stoke Newington, was committed for trial.

Kardoc, who was returning from a race meeting, joined a party who were playing the three-card trick, and during a dispute missed the articles.

At Finsbury Park Coleman got out. Kardoc followed him. Coleman jumped in again. Kardoc did the same. Coleman jumped out again as the train was moving, but Kardoc still shadowed him, and had him arrested.

STONEHENGE CASE CONCLUDED.

A conclusion was arrived at yesterday in the Chancery Division in the hearing of the question of right-of-way over the land on which stand the ancient Druidical monuments at Stonehenge.

Mr. Justice Farwell reserved his judgment. Sir Edmund Antrobus, the owner of the land, contends that the public have never had right of access.

BURIED IN A CELLAR.

Fifteen-Year-Old Boy Cruelly Done to
Death at Manchester.

Among the refuse in the cellar of an untenanted house in Hoyle-street, one of the slums of Manchester, a rag and bone dealer came upon the mutilated body of a boy, apparently about fifteen years of age, and identified as Thomas Smith, of Wood-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.

The boy had been gagged, in gruesome irony, with the copy of a comic paper, and his head was battered.

A blood-stained brick rested on his breast, his clothing was torn to ribbons, and on his body were bruises as if caused by the iron heel-plates of his assailant.

The only article in the poor boy's possession was a second-class ticket for Mayfield Swimming Baths. The police have no clue save a few threads of cloth supposed to belong to the murderer's garments.

A distressing affair happened in Arragon-road, East Ham, yesterday.

A potman, named Charles Morton Pickard, was arrested on a charge of attacking with a knife Mrs. King, his mother-in-law, and his wife, to whom he had only been married eighteen months.

The women were both taken to West Ham Hospital.

ISLE OF WIGHT MOTOR TOUR.

Three Hours and a Half Excursion at Four
Shillings a Head.

Holiday makers in the Isle of Wight this year will find a pleasant innovation in store for them.

The problem of travelling from point to point of interest and beauty in the island has always been a hard one for the railway to solve.

To-day an express motor service is to be inaugurated embracing all the principal towns and intervening villages.

The motor-omnibus will take about three hours and a half to do a circular tour of the island, at a fare of 4s.

NOT A "NOTABLE CRIME."

Mr. Kensit's Appeal Against £5 Fine for
"Brawling" in St. Paul's Fails.

In the Appeal Court yesterday Mr. John Alfred Kensit lost his case.

The son of the late anti-Ritualist appealed against the confirmation by Quarter Sessions of a conviction carrying a fine of 45 by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, for unlawfully disturbing the Bishop of London when celebrating ordination in St. Paul's on February 23 of last year.

What happened then was that when the Bishop read the invitation to anyone knowing any "impediment or notable crime" against the candidates to declare it, Mr. Kensit came forward.

His objection was that the Rev. Basil Saunders Dyer had assisted at the church of St. Matthew's, Stoke Newington, where part of the service was the adoration of the elements.

The Lord Chief Justice, in dismissing the appeal with costs, ruled that there was nothing in that that could be described as charging a candidate with a notable crime or impediment.

MAJOR AND LADY.

Magistrate Makes Strong Comments on the
Illness of the Prosecutrix.

The case of Major Herbert Ferdinand Woodgate, of Birdcage Cottage, Henley-on-Thames, who is charged with obtaining £400 by false pretences from Mrs. Olive Wyndham Huysen, of Oakley-street, Chelsea, was again before Mr. Kennedy at Marlborough-street.

Mrs. Huysen alleges that the major, after promising to marry her, had persuaded her to invest sums of money in his Automatic Rifle Syndicate.

The solicitor for the prosecution yesterday announced that Mrs. Huysen was too ill to appear.

After reading a letter from the lady, Mr. Kennedy intimated that he would have to give notice to the Director of Public Prosecutions if the case was withdrawn.

On the very day the case was to be heard, said Mr. Kennedy, the whole family seems to have become suddenly ill.

"If the parties do not appear I will report the matter to the Director of Public Prosecutions. This is an abuse of the processes of the court."

Eventually the case was adjourned until early in May.

It was related of a man committed for trial at Worslip-street yesterday that his mode of robbery was to smash a watchmaker's shop window with a stone tied in a rag, snatch whatever he could, and run.

POSTCARD LIBEL

For Which a Stockjobber Is Awarded
a Farthing Damages.

K.C.'S NURSERY RHYME.

Mr. William Potter is a stockjobber, and a member of the "House."
He is also the husband of Mrs. Potter, who keeps a lodging-house at Heme Bay.

The third principal figure in a libel case that came before Mr. Justice Bray yesterday was Miss Garnsworthy, who, like Mrs. Potter, is a Heme Bay landlady.

Friendship existed between Mr. and Mrs. Potter on one side and Miss Garnsworthy on the other in the early part of last year. At this time it happened that Mr. Potter, as may happen to any stock-jobber, was in need of some ready money. He applied to his landlady-friend, Miss Garnsworthy, and she obliged with a loan of £100.

A Cloud Arises.

This loan marked the beginning of a cloud that arose between them. Mr. Potter found himself unable to repay the money when Miss Garnsworthy expected it to be repaid, and there was a law-suit in which the landlady's view of the matter was upheld.

During these difficulties Miss Garnsworthy wrote a postcard to Mrs. Potter about Mr. Potter. She did it in momentary irritation, caused by non-repayment, and afterwards apologised, said her counsel.

On the postcard were the following outspoken words:—
"I always thought your husband was an honourable man, and now I find that he is everything that is bad. I will have my hundred pounds."

Mr. Potter, giving evidence, told Lord Coleridge, K.C., who cross-examined him, that this postcard had caused friction in his household.

"Have you paid Miss Garnsworthy her £100?" asked counsel.

Mr. Potter replied that he intended to pay.

"Oranges and Lemons."

Lord Coleridge (becoming poetical):

"When will that be?"

Said the bells of Stepney."

Mr. Potter looked as if he did not quite know what Lord Coleridge meant.

Lord Coleridge:

"I'm sure I don't know,"

Said the great bell of Bow."

Leaving off playing at "oranges and lemons,"

counsel then read a letter written by Mrs. Potter to Miss Garnsworthy, with a view to showing that the former lady sympathised with the latter. This letter, like the postcard, was about Mr. Potter:—

Willie came home on Saturday full of life. On Saturday he seemed down. On Sunday he was in even a worse mood, and walked out without speaking to Sarah and myself. The best thing he can do is to get out of the Stock Exchange, and repay you with the money. . . . I am now going to fill my house if possible. . . . I feel sure Will will pay you. Speak to him, and do let him read this.

The jury finally decided that one farthing represented the amount of damages sustained by Mr. Potter through the postcard. As this sum did not equal the amount paid into court judgment was entered for the defendant landlady with costs.

GLOVER'S REVENGE.

Arbitrary Customs Officials Outwitted by
Angry Importer.

An ingenious revenge has been taken by a Belgian glove merchant upon Antwerp Customs officials he considered unjust and arbitrary.

By Belgian law the Treasury may seize imported goods at the declared price if they believe this to be below their value. The glove lost a valuable contract through 1,000 pairs of gloves being thus purchased by authority.

Shortly after another consignment arrived, declared at the same price, and the Customs officials seized them and put them up to auction. Then it was found they were all for the left hand, and of course, unsaleable.

Finally, the disgusted officials sold them for practically carriage and storage to a purchaser, who looked like an old clothes dealer.

When 1,000 pairs of right-hand gloves arrived a few days later the officials passed them without demur. Needless to say the left-hand gloves were awaiting them in their original importer's warehouse.

* * * The "Over-Seas Mail" contains all the home news of the week, and brings Britons abroad into the closest touch with the Mother Country.
6s. sent to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, E.C., will ensure a copy being dispatched weekly for one year to any postal address.
Specimen copy forwarded on application.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

King Edward's public visit to Manchester, when his Majesty will open the new large dock of the Ship Canal, will probably take place during the latter part of July.

Competitions in the skilful driving of motor-cars will be included in the forthcoming agricultural show at Chester.

"Good; I second that motion, sir," said a man at Salford Police Court when remanded. "I hope you will never have to sleep in a cold cell."

Two pensioners drove back to Romford workhouse in a cab after spending their pension money, and the guardians have remonstrated with them.

Rhubarb grown by the paupers at the Romford Guardians' farm has produced a profit of £381, which is four times greater than was expected from the crop.

Vigorous protest against the sacrifice of birds for the purpose of ornamenting baskets of Easter eggs is being made by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

Large numbers of London and North-Western Railway employees were tested as to eyesight by the company's surgeon in a field at Crewe. Small flags of various colours were used.

Described as having belonged to Oliver Cromwell, a wooden-handled dagger is displayed in the window of a Holborn curio-dealer. It is a formidable-looking weapon in a well-preserved leathern sheath.

H.M.S. Adelaide, an obsolete 120-gun frigate, is expected shortly in the River Wear for the purpose of being sold. It is suggested that, instead, the vessel should accommodate a number of Sunderland paupers who were originally sailors.

A canary at Leeds has been taught to talk, says the "Feathered World," by the parrot, which is its companion in the room, and apes not only its teacher's conversation, but its manners.

Newton Abbot Guardians made a profit of £191 on the workhouse inmates' agricultural operations in twelve months.

Plymouth possesses a nine-year-old heroine, named Clara Smith. From a pool of water six feet deep, under the Hoe, she rescued a girl companion of the same age.

After wagering with friends that he could leap from Glasgow Bridge and swim to Clydebank, John Hobin, a young shipyard labourer, was drowned in attempting the feat.

As an excuse for not paying towards the support of his father in Blackburn Workhouse, a bricklayer said he had not had five minutes' conversation with his parent in twenty-five years.

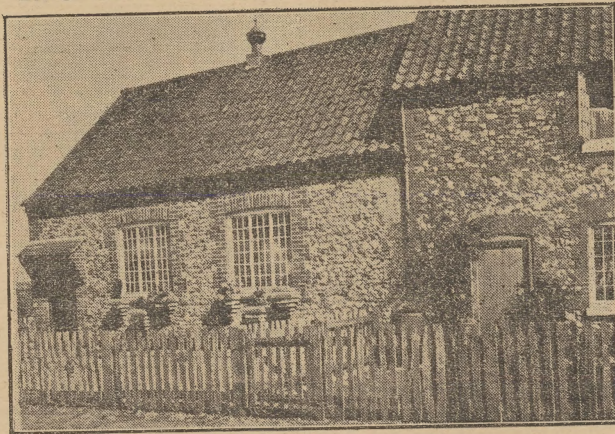
"Like a babby, he wanted both t'awpenny and t'apice," a defendant told Judge Cadman at Halifax County Court. This variation of a well-known saying tickled his Honour immensely.

Extra strain on drivers and stokers is caused by the introduction of larger railway engines, and wagons and longer trains. Railwaymen in conference at Leeds are seeking a remedy.

A pick shaft with a beer bottle securely fastened to the end of it, was the strange weapon with which an Oswaldtwistle (Lancs) miner savagely attacked a policeman. He was sent to gaol for two months.

Twenty years ago this week the late Mr. J. K. Starley, of Coventry, introduced to the world the "safety bicycle." At that time over 300,000 "ordinaries" were in use. Where are they now?

KING EDWARD'S GIFT TO NORFOLK METHODISTS.



His Majesty the King gave the land and had this chapel erected on it for the Anmer Methodists, who previously had been compelled to worship in a movable building.

An inhabitant of Saston Royal, Wilts, has married for the fourth time, the united ages of the couple being 130 years.

Biting off the end of his brother-in-law's nose resulted in a St. Helens (Lancs) man named Lilly receiving a month's imprisonment.

Sir Charles Cunliffe Smith, Bart., is lying seriously ill at his residence at Romford. Sir Charles recently celebrated his golden wedding.

It is stated that a scheme is under consideration for painting the engines of the Newcastle excursion trains black and white, the Newcastle football club's colours.

Five eggs in succession, each weighing one dram short of 40zs., have been laid by a buff Orpington hen at Barrett's Green Poultry Farm, Hawkhurst, Kent.

The baby christened Grace Darling, which was sent from Manchester in a hat-box to a Catholic priest at New Mills, has been adopted by a Mrs. Gibbons, of Heaton Norris, Lancs.

There is a hope, writes a Coventry correspondent, that it will soon be possible to apply alcohol to motor-driving purposes. It should be less costly than petrol when certain mechanical difficulties are overcome.

Already the cost of the typhoid epidemic to the Lincoln ratepayers amounts to £4,000, and the corporation anticipates another £5,000 expenditure during the financial year. This means a rate of nearly 4s. in the £.

Smokeless coal has been discovered at a place called Jambongon, on the north-east coast of the British North Borneo Company's territory. "Investigations," stated a Parliamentary printed reply yesterday, "are in progress."

Football has been the means of breaking down caste amongst the natives in a certain district in India, said a missionary at Manchester.

Notices in Yiddish have been printed by the Stepney Borough Council warning aliens in the East End of the penalties against street cries.

Among a hatch of chickens belonging to him a Wimbington, North Cambs, farmer discovered a fully-developed specimen possessing four legs and four wings.

When the British column, under Colonel Young-husband, arrived at Lhasa, in Tibet, an English-made bicycle was discovered in the chief palace. It must have been carried over heights of nearly 17,000ft.

Each of the 2,922 votes recorded for Mr. Leif Jones, the successful Liberal candidate, at the recent by-election in North Westmorland, cost 8s. 11d. Major Noble's figure for 2,762 votes works out at 8s. 11½d. each.

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain will, says a Cardiff telegram, attend the ceremony of the laying of the foundation-stone of University College, South Wales, by the Prince of Wales. They will receive honorary degrees.

It has been suggested to the Army Council that less inconvenience to employers would be caused if the annual training of Militia were held between November and April. The practicability of the idea is receiving consideration.

Famous as a harpist who played by ear and not by notation, Mr. Robert Jones (Telynor Tegid) has just died in North Wales, aged seventy-two. He once played before the Queen of Rumania, and was also the winner of the golden harp presented by Lady Llandover.

MEASURING EARTHQUAKES.

Indian Convulsion Recorded at the
Isle of Wight.

OTHER PICTURES.

Professor John Milne, whose photograph appears on page 8, is a man who measures earthquakes. In his quiet home at Shide, in the centre of the Isle of Wight, he has instruments which record every quiver of the earth's surface.

Though a man of note in scientific circles, Professor Milne's occupation is in ordinary times little heard of by the general public; but great interest has been taken in his work during the last few days because he has been able to show that the terrible earthquake which devastated Northern India affected his instruments in the Isle of Wight. The record which the instruments made is reproduced in our illustration, and it proves beyond a doubt that the vibrations caused by the great upheaval in India travelled half way round the world.

To Professor Milne there was nothing strange in this. Not only was he able to tell the duration of the shocks, but his instruments gave him an idea of their severity.

PIONEER OF THE SCIENCE.

Some idea of the accuracy and speed with which Professor Milne gets knowledge of earthquakes may be gathered from the following facts. Early in January, 1898, it was officially reported that two West Indian cables had broken on December 31, 1897. "That was, unlikely," said Professor Milne; "but I have a seismogram (record of an earthquake) showing that these cables may have broken at 11.30 a.m. on December 29, 1897." And he then located the break at so many miles off the coast of Hayti. Such information is naturally worth many thousands of pounds to cable companies, and they attach great value to the professor's investigations.

Professor Milne is one of the pioneers of this science, which he has studied in all parts of the world. Over twenty years ago he was one of the leading authorities invited to Japan by the Government to investigate the effects of the many shocks which are experienced on those islands.

BRIDLE FOR SCOLDS.

The men of the Middle Ages had drastic methods of dealing with those of their womankind who were gifted with too active tongues, and the gossip's bridle, or brank, a photograph of which is reproduced on page 8, shows one of their favourite devices. "This brank, which realised £10 10s. when offered for sale at Stevens's sale-rooms, is made principally of steel. It has a steel plate in the centre which went into the scold's mouth and held her tongue down, and once it was padlocked on there was not the faintest chance of the victim making another remark, disagreeable or otherwise, until after its removal.

"LIPTON OF THE NORTH."

Alderman James Duckworth, whose photograph appears on page 9, has been dubbed "the Lipton of the North," and his record is certainly worthy the title.

He commenced to work in a cotton factory when six-and-a-half years old. Being out of work at twenty-four he purchased a pound of tea, made it up into 20z. packets, and commenced to hawk it. From this small beginning he became one of the princes of commerce. He sat for three years as member of Parliament for the Middleton Division of Lancashire, has been mayor of Rochdale two years, and the president of the United Methodist Free Churches, in which body he is a lay preacher.

He has now retired from the directorship of Duckworth, Limited, which controls eighty-six places of business in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

CHEF FOR SOLDIERS.

Luxuries for "Tommy's" Threepence a Day
on the Restaurant System.

The Warwickshire Regiment have given up messing in companies, with a fixed allowance for each person, and have adopted the restaurant system.

The variety and abundance of diet which their Italian chef at Budbrooke barracks is able to provide for a uniform threepence a day per head, in addition to the Army's rations is amazing. Lipton's, the contractors, see that every scrap is utilised. On the old-fashioned messing system the waste is terrible.

Tuesday's dinner menu included: Choice of baked beef, brown steak, and steak pie, with greens and potatoes, followed by macaroni pudding. Yesterday's was extolled soup, bread or stewed steak, peas, potatoes, and pudding.

And the men have jam and other delicacies with their tea and beef and pickles for breakfast.

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Daily Mirror.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

ENGLAND, THE
'LOAFER'S PARADISE.'

IN the striking article we publish this morning Mr. G. R. Sims, that shrewd observer of our national life, points the moral of the recent case in which a ratepayer destroyed himself because he could not pay his rates. It was a mistake, says Mr. Sims, for this poor fellow to kill himself because of the rates. He should have gone on them!

It is quite true, as this article points out, that as the demands upon the workers increase, so is life made easier for those who won't work. And it may well be that soon there will be more inducement to become a pauper than to remain an industrious man, who has to support himself and the paupers as well.

The mistake we are making lies in this. We do not distinguish between those who can't work and those who won't.

No one could grudge poor old people, who have lived honestly and fallen on evil days, a comfortable shelter in their declining years. The more we relax our stern Poor-law rules for their benefit the better.

But to make things pleasant for neer-do-wells and loafers, for Weary Willie, and for Tired Tim, is quite another thing, and a thing so foolish and monstrous that all ratepayers should vehemently protest and vote against it.

The law for able-bodied idlers should be that they must labour to pay for their keep. "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." Our Poor-law stands in need of radical reform. Where is the man to take this task in hand?

PRESIDENT AND BEAR.

There seems something humorous, and something, too, a shade blasphemous, in the prayers that have been offered in the Illinois local Parliament for the safety of President Roosevelt while he is hunting bears and wolves.

If a man deliberately goes seeking danger, is it reasonable to ask the Almighty to protect him? Rashness which puts life in peril is then called "tempting Providence." Surely, to pray for the safety of a rash man, who goes out of his way to endanger his life, might be spoken of as "insulting Providence."

We do not say that Mr. Roosevelt is putting himself in peril. If it be true that a bear is to be let loose out of a cage for him to hunt, we do not suppose he will be in any greater danger than are the "sportsmen" in this country who hunt tame stag. But the assumption upon which the prayers are being offered is that he risks death in tracking down his prey.

When sport has risks attached to it the sportsman must accept them with a free heart, and not expect sympathy. If he comes to grief, he has brought it upon himself. It is not as if he were seeking any worthy object. He is simply amusing himself and pitting his strength, endurance, and cunning against those of other animals.

The bear, which is only anxious for a quiet life, might reasonably pray (if it could, poor beast!) to be spared from the President, but, seeing that the President puts himself in the bear's way, and asks it to come on, he ought to take his chance without hoping for any intervention of Providence in his behalf.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud.—*Sir Thos. Browne.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ONE feels inclined to call Sir William Arrol, who has just been presented by his admirers in the House of Commons with a silver cup because he was so public-spirited as to attend and vote upon his wedding-day, the most essentially self-made figure in politics. Think of it! He started, at nine years old, obscure and poor, as a worker in a cotton-mill. He was next a 'prentice to an engineer, and then a foreman in a ship-building yard. And even when he did start "on his own," it was with a capital under £100. Yet now he is honoured as the greatest of our "bridge-

builders." He is still only sixty-six. He has a taste for music, and would have liked to have learnt to play the violin. But he had no time for that, and took to playing a hand-organ instead!

Lord Carnarvon, who has just returned with Lady Carnarvon from Ceylon, is a man in whom the two enthusiasms for sport and travel are very strong. His boldness in the pursuit of big game has often brought him into great danger. Since such excitement is denied him in England he has taken up motoring as being only a little less

perilous and charming! I need hardly say that he has been fined several times. He once informed a magistrate that he had calculated that he had travelled in motor-cars, a distance of 50,000 miles in England and abroad.

Lady Carnarvon is a dainty, fascinating woman, called by her friends "La Petite Marquise," because she is so fragile and eighteenth-century looking. She is by no means, however, a society butterfly, as her appearance and rather evaporated manner might suggest. She is a real connoisseur in matters of art and literature, and has had her rooms at Highclere Castle, Lord Carnarvon's splendid Hampshire seat, most tastefully decorated under her own supervision.

There is an absurd report going about that at the tariff reformers' dinner at the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Chamberlain said he had two desires: one, to live to be 100; the other to be Prime Minister. Members who were present maintain that the proceedings, being private, must not be talked about, but they laugh at the idea of any such declaration having been made. As a matter of fact, Mr. Chamberlain is far more anxious to see his son Prime Minister than to occupy that exalted and irksome position himself.

I hear that the Black-balling of Miss Ellen Terry at the Lyceum Club has had an interesting sequel. Mrs. Humphry Ward (so my information goes) has withdrawn from the club as a protest. I cannot say I am surprised at the committee's liberality of mind arousing protest. Mrs. Ward, who is the soul of kindness and justice, deserves the thanks of women for taking this decided step. It is the only mistake the very successful Lyceum Club has made so far. Many members would be glad if the committee could be persuaded to change their minds and invite Miss Terry to become an honorary member.

Mr. Laurence Irving, who has been telling the citizens of Worcester, who did not go in their thousands to his play, "Richard Lovelace," that there is a small public nowadays for anything but the most musical comedy, has always been an outspoken young man, and a sincere. I remember once being at a party with him. He insisted upon making clever and true, but rather injudicious, remarks in a penetrating voice about the people who were announced. When the daughter of the Speaker, Miss Shelley Gully (as she was then), came in, he loudly exclaimed: "Shelley Gully! What an odd name! They might as well have called her Willy Nilly."

I have heard, too, on good authority, that Mr. Irving is much too sincere to refrain from expressing boredom at entertainments, when bored he happens to be. Once he even laid down, at a particularly tedious tea-party, on the floor and composed himself as though for slumber, until foused by the astonishment of the other guests. In a word, Mr. Irving is as delightfully original as his plays. I have never understood why "Peter the Great," one of the most promising plays I saw, was given so little encouragement by the public.

It is very interesting to hear that Dr. Forbes Winslow, the famous specialist on mental diseases, thinks the man who says he is Jack the Ripper in New York may possibly be telling the truth. Dr. Winslow has long and carefully studied the ways of criminals, and has always looked upon crime as a disease. Several times he has been able to save criminals, who were really insane, from capital punishment. Once, in New York, he had several well-known experts against him, but he argued for the irresponsibility of the accused so valiantly that he was able to convince the jury, and the man was treated as insane.

Naturally Dr. Winslow has any amount of explanations to give of the increase of insanity in modern times. One of the causes he is inclined to find in motoring at an inordinate speed. Let motorists beware. Their fierce method of getting about produces brain fog. Dr. Winslow has shown that of those who go into asylums every year a large proportion is taken from the class of engineers. Motorists have more anxiety even than engine-drivers, and we may expect to find members of the "smart set" going mad if they do not content themselves with a more modest speed.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 12.—Mild, damp weather makes everything grow so quickly, and flowers open so suddenly, that it is quite difficult to be up to date.

That splendid spring-flowering shrub, the pyrus japonica (the Japan quince), is now a lovely sight. Its deep scarlet flowers are very striking. It looks especially charming trained against a wall. Many shrubs can be grown in this manner, although they may not really be climbers.

Every lover of the country knows the marsh marigold, haunter of river banks. The double form of this plant thrives in the garden if given a damp position. Its brilliant yellow flowers are now opening. E. F. T.

THE FAITHFUL DOG AND HIS NEW MASTER.



The Irish Unionist M.P.s are still indignant that Sir Anthony Macdonnell should remain Under-Secretary for Ireland, but Mr. Long has explained that Sir Anthony is now under complete control. As the author of the Muzzling order, Mr. Long knows what to do!

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Bishop of Carlisle.

HE has just done a most excellent thing. He has distinguished between goodness and "goody-goodness," to the Y.M.C.A. of his diocese. There is nothing "namby-pamby" about him. He sees no harm in tobacco or athletics, and he has views on the subject of education which are not exactly orthodox. There is, he says, a fighting principle in boys, and it should be encouraged. If Boy No. 1 has a sister, and Boy No. 2 says anything insulting about her, then Boy No. 1 should give Boy No. 2 a black eye. What a pity he was not in the running for the head-mastership of Eton!

His own education was of quite the reverse order. As he was delicate, he was kept at home and taught to knit and sew, instead of administering deserved black eyes. His knitting was so excellent that his whole family wore the stockings he made. His mysteries, too, of hemming and sewing, back-stitching and gusseting, are an open book to him. When he was a Government Inspector of Schools he used to cause much astonishment by examining and criticising the sewing of the girls.

There does not look as though there were much of that early delicacy left now. He is by no means thin, and the comfortable roundness of his face might make a farmer jealous.

The amount of work, too, that he does and has done, could not be undertaken by a weakling. He steadfastly refuses to take part in either factions or politics, but that saves him no work, for it is no easy matter to avoid them.

First Beggar: Had any luck?

Second Beggar: Not a scrap. Nothing going but work and pea-soup, and I don't like either.—*"Fliegende Blätter"* (German).

PAVEMENT STUDIES.

In Death Not Divided.

A RAINY day. The dreary interior of a suburban cemetery chapel, tenanted for the time by several coffins and a few mourners, the latter formed together in small groups, as if for warmth.

One old man, however, sat quite apart mourning his dead alone; mourning for her who, in the summer and autumn of his life, had loved and clung to him, had been his help and mainstay, and who now, in his winter, had been taken from him.

They had been together for over fifty years, struggling through sickness and sorrow, rejoicing in brief interludes of sunshine. They had together seen their children grow up and depart from them—some to their last home, some to distant parts. Not one of those living could attend this sad function, though, by their mites, they had been able to avoid that horror of the decent poor—a parish funeral.

The weary monotony of the cemetery chaplain added, if possible, to the misery of the scene. When, at the finish of the beautiful lesson from Corinthians, the coffins were borne out into the drizzling rain, the old man, who had risen abruptly, fell suddenly back with a cry of "Mary!"—a cry that seemed to have arisen from the very depths of his heart.

Quickly kind hands were stretched out to him—just in time to catch him as he fell.—Fenderly they strove to call back consciousness.

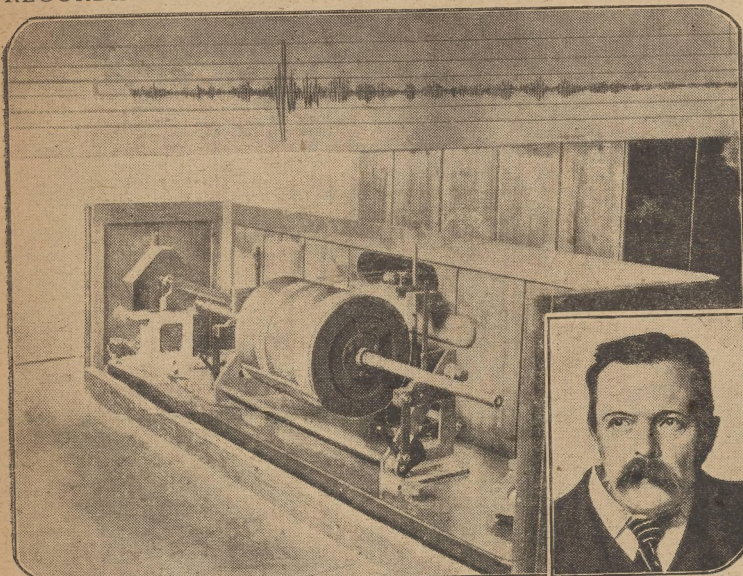
At last they settled that the coffin must be lowered without him. It was done without delay, and then they came back to carry him to his lonely home.

But, even as they raised him, there was a little sound in his throat, and his breathing ceased for ever. He would never know the bitterness of that lonely home now.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF TO-DAYS NEWS

TODAYS NEWS

RECORDING THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.



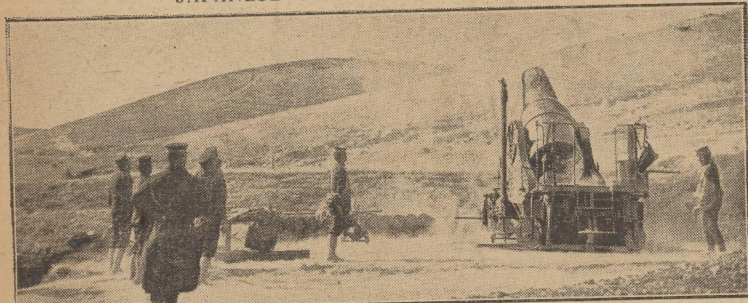
At the top of this picture appears the record of the effects of the Indian earthquake as made by Professor Milne's seismograph in the Isle of Wight. The wavy lines show how the earth vibrated in England. Beneath the record is the instrument which made it, and to the right is a portrait of Professor Milne himself.

ENORMOUS GIRDER BLOCKS TRAFFIC

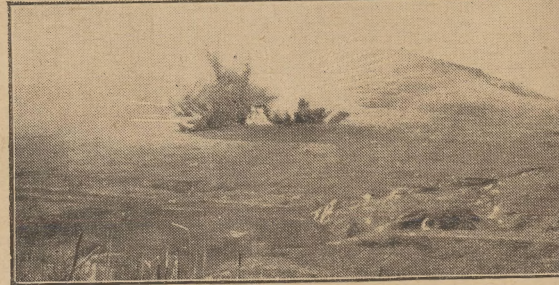


This girder, which is 150ft. long, and weighs 130 tons, fell into the River London and Tilbury Railway near Bromley-by-Bow. All attempts to raise it have been delayed for a week.—(Daily Mirror)

JAPANESE FIRE A SHELL INTO THE RUSSIAN LINES, AND A RUSSIAN SHELL BURSTS NEAR THE J



Japanese 11in. gun being fired at the Russian positions, which are out of sight behind the hills. The shell which has just been fired weighed 500lb.—(Stereograph copyright 1905, Underwood and Underwood.)



The effect of the bursting of a 500lb. shell which came from the Russian lines. The next Russian shell hit the cement bed of the gun and put it out of action. The next Russian shell hit the cement bed of the gun and put it out of action. The next Russian shell hit the cement bed of the gun and put it out of action.

MAKING THE NEW ROAD TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



In connection with the great memorial to Queen Victoria, this new road is now being made across the Green Park from Piccadilly to Buckingham Palace.

SALE OF GOSSIP'S BRIDLE.



This specimen of a brank has been sold at Stevens's auction rooms. In the Middle Ages it was padlocked round a squire's head to keep her silent.

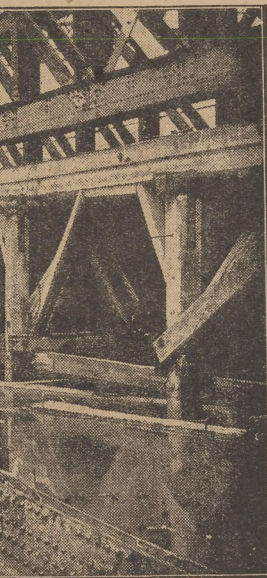
JAPANESE AMMUNITION



This store of 500lb. shells is for the gunners within three miles of the front.

STRATED.

THE RIVER LEA.



which is being constructed for the
d traffic up and down the river may

POSITION.



the Japanese gun which had just
Stereograph copyright 1905, Under-

N THE BATTLEFIELD.



the Japanese was thus laid out ready
ian lines. — (Stereograph copyright,
Underwood.)

PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE IN THE DAY'S NEWS



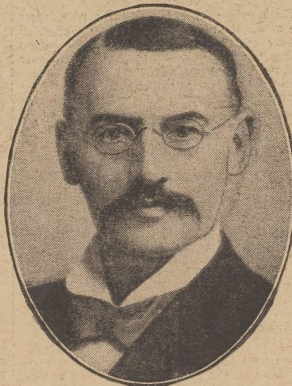
Sir William Arrol, M.P., who has been
presented with a silver vase in recogni-
tion of the fact that he travelled over
300 miles on his wedding day to vote
for the Government.—(Elliott and
Fry.)



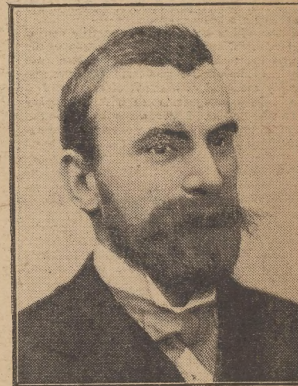
The German Emperor going from his ship, the Hohenzollern, to visit the King of
Italy on the Italian battleship in the harbour at Naples.



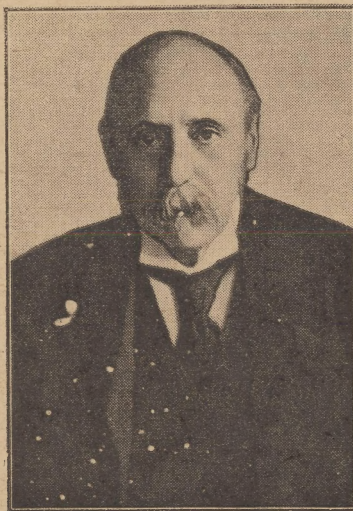
Mr. Charles Tuff, Rochester's member
of Parliament, who distinguished him-
self by being the leader of the on-
slaught on the Home Rule camp in the
House of Commons yesterday.



Alderman Duckworth, of Rochdale,
who has retired from the directorship
of Duckworth, Limited. He com-
menced business by selling 1lb. of tea
in ounces, and came to control over
eighty shops.



Mr. James Dalrymple, general
manager of the Glasgow Corporation
Tramways, who was cabled for to ad-
vise the Mayor of Chicago as to the
arrangement of Chicago's municipal
tramways.



Mr. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., M.P., who is de-
fendant in a suit brought by his two step-
daughters for an account of their money, of
which he is trustee.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Miss Doris Dean, a beauty of the Southern Counties, who won
from among hundreds of competitors the prize recently offered by
the management of the Crystal Palace to the most beautiful lady
in the surrounding neighbourhood.—(Lallie Charles.)

ONE HOME OR TWO?

Should Husbands and Wives Live
Next Door to One Another?

By HOPE MERRICK.

The other day a young friend, whose marriage is arranged for the 16th of next month, came to me in great excitement for my advice.

"My dear Richard," I exclaimed, "you know I never advise anyone. Besides being a waste of time, it is—"

He remarked that if I was only capable of uttering ancient platitudes he would call another day.

Richard is a nice boy, though rather inclined to be irritable. I promised to do my best for him, providing he would sit down quietly—and not waggle his foot. Securing his feet round the legs of the chair, he informed me despairingly that he was dreading the 16th of next month. No, he wasn't flunking the ceremony and the fuss—he didn't want to be married at all.

JOY OF BACHELOR QUARTERS.

Very gently I reminded him of my warning not to be in such a hurry. His reply was a strained smile, which intimated that any woman can say, "I told you so!" Feeling that he had scored, I assured him I should have done the same in his place. He then upbraided himself. Here was he engaged to the sweetest girl on earth, and he didn't want to marry her because—

I fixed him with a stern eye. He angrily denied its imputation. There was no other woman in the case, past or present. He was simply averse from changing his comfortable quarters! Oh, yes, he was horribly ashamed of himself, of course, but he couldn't help being endowed with a clinging nature, and he had had his rooms so long that the thought of losing them, to say nothing of the excellent cooking at the club, had become unbearable.

In conclusion Richard wept. He is a conscientious boy and tolerably truthful. He would go through fire and water for Dorothea, he declared, but a plain cook, and his clothes at the mercy of a housemaid, not to speak of a house run between them—he shuddered at the mere picture.

Now I knew why there were so many Richards running loose and unattached. One of them had told me the truth.

MEETING HIS FATE.

Poor Richard! My sympathies were with him. I could have suggested that he should hunt up a clever doctor who wouldn't mind finding marriage undesirable for him on account of his lungs, or the mental state of an ancestor. But my duty seemed to lie with Dorothea. I advised him to meet his obligations on the 16th like a man, and to listen to a simple parable.

He had sunk into a limp heap. He didn't feel well enough, he said, to guess conundrums. But this, I assured him, a child could understand. It was called—

THE PARABLE OF THE WISE ROBIN AND THE FOOLISH ROOK.

A Rook and a Robin, having met under an elm one day, fell into conversation. Said the Rook:

"I am going to be married to-morrow. My new nest is all ready. Would you like to see it?" The Robin, though highly flattered by the condescension of a so much larger bird, sadly shook his head.

"Nay," said he; "it would but grieve me to look into the grave of your happiness."

The Rook was very angry at this affront, but being a nervous rook inquired what the other meant by this strange remark.

"If you will not think me presumptuous," replied the Robin, "I could better explain by showing to you my own new home—for I also am to be married to-morrow."

"Very well," said the Rook, with a stiff little bow, "but please do not take this visit as a precedent."

The Robin led the way to a hedgerow near, and revealed two lovely cup-nests side by side. Whereupon the Rook lectured him severely for having wasted his time in building two nests when he could only use one.

THE TWIN-HOME.

"Pardon me," said the Robin, "they will both be used; one by me, the other by my chosen mate—who, I may tell you, without wishing to be boastful, is as intelligent as she is good. Many might not have seen the advantages of a twin-home."

"I do not see any advantages," the Rook declared; "and therefore there can be none."

A twinkle came into the eye of the Robin.

"I lay ten to one in eggs," he said respectfully, "that we shall be much envied. By this arrangement that you deride we can avoid inflicting upon each other our early morning dyspepsia and all its attendant evils. We can each retain our life-long habits, and carry out our natural inclinations, without annoyance to the other. In a word, we shall love, but we shall not rob each other. We shall love without disillusion. We shall love without regret."

The Rook, who considered himself a wise fellow because of the bald spot on his head, although all rooks have one, said that nothing would induce him to bet on the two nests, because he was sure they did not look respectable.

Whereat the Robin laughed.

"Excuse my hilarity," said he, "but I have seen such funny things happen in married nests where the pair could never get away from each other."

"Marriage is a silly institution," the Rook remarked pompously.

THE ROOK'S FATE.

"That is no reason why it should be a dull and uncomfortable affair," the Robin retorted.

Upon this the Rook flew away shocked, saying that what was good enough for his father was good enough for him.

He was married the next day, and so was the Robin.

A few months later the Rook's nest fell out of the high tree. At least this is what some say; others declare that he kicked it.

The Robin is still singing to his mate.

MORAL.

Clever as we may think ourselves, it is always best to listen to the voice of the lowliest person, for in this way we may often learn true wisdom.

Richard rose and stretched himself.

"Thanks," he said cheerfully. "If I can't get two houses next door to each other, how about one equally divided?"

I said I thought that it would meet the case admirably. He left me to go straight to Dorothea. She is as intelligent as she is good. I lay ten to one she agrees with the Robin!

HOPE MERRICK.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

DR. TORREY ON HELL.

What does anybody know about Heaven or Hell? Nothing. It is all talk.

But as good as you can, is sound advice, and better than all the praying and hymn-singing in the world—quite automatically done by some.

"Doing" good, as practiced by some of our institutions, like the S.P.C.C., Vigilance Society, Barnardo's Homes, Labour Colonies, etc., is more effective than all the hundreds of religions that indulge in mere talk.

BONA FIDES.

HOW TO CUT EXPENSES DOWN.

I am glad to see that, although you are a young paper, you have taken such a determined stand against the cost of carrying on the Government. The time has surely arrived when the "lounge" in all the departments of the Civil Service ought to be dealt with.

I would, as a business man, weed them out by degrees. When vacancies occur, tell the man who is left, "You will have to do the best you can. I do not fill up that vacancy," and so through all the departments.

The weeding-out will produce a reduction of permanent expenses that will be startling.

Newport, Mon. WILSON MANNERS.

WORTHLESS ORANGES.

The cause of an inferior class of orange being so plentiful lately is owing to the severe frosts experienced in the vast orange-growing districts of Spain. The frost has had the effect of making the fruit spungy and dry.

Good oranges at the present time fetch from 30s. to 45s a case of 420. ONE WHO KNOWS.

Covent Garden.

PLAIN WORDS TO WOMEN.

Just one word of warning to "Domesticated" and other young ladies who think of emigrating. I have been some few years in New Zealand, and, though myself an Englishman, am compelled to state that the Englishwoman compares very ill, class for class, with the New Zealander.

The Colonial girl is from the start far better educated, and a more accomplished housekeeper, not to mention the fact that she has better manners and poise than her English sister. The English woman of the middle classes is hopelessly incompetent and really amazingly ignorant.

The "good-hearted, domesticated English girl" is apt to be bitterly disappointed on emigration unless she is young enough and sensible enough to very materially alter her ways.

COLORIST.

"DESERTED LONDON."

Your article suggests what has concerned my mind for a considerable period.

In and around London there are numbers of beautiful open, healthy squares, where once upon a time lived the principal merchants and traders of the City, until better travelling facilities caused them to go farther down into the country.

What becomes of these old residences around open spaces? They are all getting into the hands of foreigners for workshops.

Our local authorities might turn their attention to the advantages that would accrue to British workmen and their wives and children if within easy distance of work and in these open, healthy squares of London the County Council or the borough authorities would erect suitable dwellings for them.

Waltham Cross. J. T.

Pen Portraits
YOU
THIS TIME
That "Full" Feeling.
Those qualms of sickness—the horrid feeling in the stomach before the actual retching occurs—the distressing suspense which pervades the whole organism: you know what it means, don't you? Few conditions are worse while they last. Things have gone wrong in the stomach, friend; various elements and influences have left off working in harmony and are at loggerheads. That's why you are feeling so sick and ill. The fullness of chest and abdomen is caused by wind due to acidity and fermentation in the stomach, and naturally that organ is doing its best to reject its quarrelsome occupants—things that you feel so dreadfully sick, though you are not actually vomiting. Better if you were—it would mean relief, though not cure. What is wrong must be put right before the mischief can be ended. Dr. Scott's Bileous and Liver Pills will quickly restore order in the stomach. They are made especially for this, amongst other purposes. Get a box to-day, and after a dose or two your troubles will have passed away entirely. All chemists sell them at 1/6 and 2/6. They are done up in green wrappers—that is the sign of their genuineness. Take no other.
D'SCOTT'S PILLS

To H.M. the King.
BUCHANAN'S
"SPECIAL"
(RED SEAL)
SCOTCH WHISKY
To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Souls Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXII.

Montague Stone went to the theatre that evening, but he made no attempt to see Cecilia either during or after the performance, nor, indeed, was she conscious of his presence. He noticed, especially during the first act, that she appeared troubled and ill at ease—that she was not doing justice either to herself or to the part she played. It was not without some inward satisfaction that he noticed this, for, he told himself, that after all he had been correct, and that Cecilia was not in reality suited to the stage. The audience, however, received her with its wonted enthusiasm, and possibly to them there was nothing noticeable of the change which had come over the popular favourite.

Montague noticed that Mrs. Chesson was watching the proceedings from a stage box; also that she appeared concerned at Cecilia's evident nervousness. He was glad when the first act came to an end. He felt disposed to leave the theatre altogether, fearing that his presence, if Cecilia became aware of it, might still further unnerve her. Such fears, of course, were wholly superfluous, for Montague Stone that evening was far from the girl's mind.

He was seated in the back row of the stalls, just in front of the pit, and he wondered if he, too, were unnerved—it seemed to him that on more than one occasion, amid the genuine applause of those directly behind him, he caught the sound of a desecrated laugh—a laugh which was evidently intended to be insulting. Once, indeed, this laugh broke out at a moment when the house was silent.

Cecilia had made some little slip—a false note, perhaps—it had certainly not been noticed by the rest of the audience—but the short, unpleasant laugh called attention to it.

Montague turned and angrily scanned the seats behind him. He failed, however, to see the author of the interruption. The audience was closely packed together in the pit, sitting in serried rows, and the laugh came from somewhere far behind.

Montague felt strangely uncomfortable at the repetition of this insult. It was so undoubtedly directed against Cecilia, and there was something particularly repellent in the tone of the laughter. Of course, there was nothing in it, so he assured himself—nothing at all. There are always malcontents at a theatrical performance. People who are dissatisfied with their seats or out of temper with the applause which was so lavishly bestowed upon her almost as much as he loathed that depreciating laugh.

A curious thing happened when he left the theatre that night. He had an instinctive feeling that he was being watched—followed. Yet he could not prove to himself that this was a fact. He saw nothing which he could reasonably regard as suspicious. Certainly when he made his way to the stage-door, hesitating as to whether he should ask for Cecilia and tell her that he had definitely decided to go to London on the morrow, he had seen a strange shadow thrown across the footpath, an ugly shadow, the hands thrust out from the body, the fingers, as it were, reaching towards him. They reminded him of the talons of some bird. He could see nothing of the man whose shadow was thus thrown across the pavement by the flickering

gas-jet over the stage-door; indeed, he hardly gave the matter a second thought, only wondering for the moment at the uncanny shape which shadows assume. He went on his way, however, having decided in his own mind that it would be unwise to interfere that evening with Cecilia. He had had his say, he had made his offer. Cecilia had not seemed utterly averse to it. There was even, he thought, a possibility that she might yield. She was not enamoured of her new profession, she had confessed as much to him. It was, however, a pity that Paula Chesson should have appeared so unexpectedly, for in spite of what she had said it was very evident that Cecilia was honestly devoted to her friend.

Well, well—he shrugged his shoulders—Cecilia would find out in time that what he had said was true. Paula Chesson might be kind-hearted, a good friend, but she was no fitting companion for a girl like Cecilia.

It was, as he thought these things, making his way slowly back to the hotel where he had put up, threading his way through the narrow Plymouth streets, that he became conscious of that strange feeling that his footsteps were being dogged. Over his shoulder he glanced into the darkness, and saw up and up side streets as if he fancied that someone would appear from the darkness and speak to him. But there was nothing. He was constrained to tell himself that it was an effect of his own imagination. He was worried and upset, and fancied things. Why should anyone follow him? Who was there in Plymouth that should take an interest in him? He scoffed at the idea of a footpad, though the way by which he had elected to return took him through a little-frequented part of the town. If it were a footpad, let him show himself. Once or twice Montague stopped in the middle of the road to give every opportunity for this, but it was without result. He felt absolutely convinced that a light footfall followed his own, and that, on one occasion at least, he had caught the sound of a muffled laugh.

(Continued on page 11.)

The Public are earnestly invited to see that they get the genuine article.

6/- SEWING MACHINE. 6/-
Patented.
Promoted by H.M. the Empress Alexandra of Russia.
THIS machine does work which will bear comparison with that of other machines costing higher prices. It is made of metal, with plain fittings, improved stitch regulator, etc. It works at great speed. It has no complicated mechanism like the old-fashioned treadle machines, therefore no experienced work is required. It works fine and coarsely materials equally as well. Sent in wooden box, carriage paid, for 6/6; two for 12/6. Extra needles 6d. and 1s. packets. Write for Free Opinions and Instructions for the machine at work. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., R Dept., 22 & 23, Brook Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

RHEUMATISM & PARALYSIS.
THEIR COMPLETE HOME CURE
Post Free to Readers of "Daily Mirror" for TEN DAYS ONLY.

A handsome illustrated treatise, giving full description of Rheumatism and Paralysis, and instructions for a complete home cure, describing the most successful treatment in Great Britain, recommended by the Ministry and endorsed by medical men. This highly popular book was written by W. H. Veno, a gentleman who has made a special study of these diseases. The preface is by a graduate of the University of Wurtzburg. Send postcard to-day and you will receive the book free by return. Address, The Veno Institute, Cedar-street, Hulme, Manchester.

THE PRIZES OF PAUPERISM.

Better To Go on the Rates Than Struggle to Pay Them.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

A week ago the newspapers were discussing the sad fate of a struggling tradesman, who, unable to get together sufficient money to pay his rates, wrote a pathetic letter to his wife, and committed suicide.

I have waited for someone to point out the true moral of this sad story, but I have waited in vain. The moral has been entirely lost sight of in the storm of indignant protests raised against the extravagance of the municipalities.

In the particular borough which was the scene of the tragedy the rates are exceedingly high. But excellent work is done with the money. The workhouse is a pauper's paradise. The council has a housing scheme of its own which is an example to the world. It is pulling down whole streets of slum property and re-housing the evicted tenants in bijou residences with every modern convenience.

It intends making boulevards in front of the houses, planting them with trees and providing seats. When its re-housing scheme has been carried through the working classes dwelling in this enlightened borough will have a miniature Boulevard des Italiens outside their own doors. In each district this improved it is also intended to build a clubhouse, where coffee and light refreshments may be obtained and innocent games indulged in.

You cannot do this sort of thing without money, and though eventually the enterprise will doubtless pay its own way, the initial expense has to come out of the ratepayers' pockets.

LOOKING AFTER THE CHILDREN.

In this same borough, to which the unfortunate suicide of a poor ratepayer has drawn attention, the most excellent arrangements are made for the comfort of children whose parents have deserted them.

When the drunken fathers or the vicious mothers relieve themselves of further responsibility by quitting the neighbourhood without the impediment of their children the little ones are not sent to the workhouse. That would be degrading. They are accommodated in scattered homes, charming villa residences, in which they form a happy family.

They have good meals well served in a cosy dining-room, and go daily to school in pretty frocks and neat suits which are the envy of the little girls and boys whose fathers and mothers cannot afford to spend much money on the wardrobe of their offspring.

There is a gentle, refined humanity in this idea which is poetically beautiful. The parents who evade parental responsibility and leave their children to the parish confer benefits upon them which the children of parents who do not desert them can never hope to obtain.

To be drunken and dissolute in this altruistic borough is to get your children well fed and clothed and brought up surrounded by the refinements of family life. To be poor but honest and industrious,

and to struggle to pay your way, is to see your children deprived of all these advantages.

It is my knowledge of the happy state of things in this borough that enables me to point the moral of the story of the poor ratepayer who committed suicide.

Instead of letting the rates worry him into a suicide's grave, he should have retired from the struggle and let the rates keep him. In the workhouse he and his wife would have found all the comforts of a home, including a parlour for quiet conversation, chess, and backgammon. His children—if he had any—would have been taken to one of the villa residences and brought up in a genteel manner. They would have had as playmates the children of the neighbouring gentry, and they would have been permitted to invite these playmates to an occasional tea-party.

WHERE SELF-INTEREST LIES.

With all these advantages offered as a premium to the non-ratepayer, one can only look upon a man who worries himself into the grave because he wants to pay rates as blind to his own interests and those of his family. That is the moral of the story.

In the old days the pride of independence sustained men and women in the struggle for life. But in those days there was a certain amount of shame attaching to pauperism. The workhouse was looked upon as the prison of the guiltless. The fare was rough, the work was hard, and there were no luxuries.

To-day the dread of the workhouse has been removed. Everything is done to encourage middle-aged workers to look upon it as a free hotel to which they may retire at forty, and so make room



Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS.—(Ellis and Watery.)

for the younger men with whom they could only compete by taking a lower wage than that fixed by the trade unions.

But one life. If to pay rates he has to make that life one of continued struggle and anxiety he should at once abandon the practice. He will have his reward in the increased comfort of life provided for him by a considerate and grateful community.

I have only put forward a plain, common-sense view of the situation with which we are now faced.

Thousands of ratepayers will go under, unable to keep pace with the ever-increasing demands made upon their earnings, and these will have to be provided for.

Recognising this fact, I would urge that the inmates of our workhouses should be classified. The habitual pauper should not be treated in the same way as the ratepayer driven into the House by the burden of the rates.

I have nothing to say against the workhouse being made a pleasant place for those who have been defeated in the battle of life, or who have been forced to abandon the struggle by the disabilities of infirmity and old age.

But that a hardworking, honest citizen should be treated by the demands made upon him in order that the idle and dissolute may be relieved of their responsibilities, and that the born-tired may be luxuriously lodged, is an iniquity.

To drive the worker to self-destruction in order that the idle may have everything for nothing is neither good socialism nor good sense.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

"BECKETT" AT DRURY LANE.

The following are the chief members of the cast of Lord Tennyson's "Beckett," with which Sir Henry Irving will begin his season at Drury Lane Theatre on April 29:—

Thomas Beckett (Chancellor of England, afterwards Archbishop).....	Henry Irving
Henry II. (King of England).....	Mr. Gerald Lawrence
King Louis of France.....	Mr. H. B. Stanford
Roger (Archbishop of York).....	Mr. William Lugs
John of Salisbury (friend of Beckett).....	Mr. Mark Paton
Herbert of Bosham (friend of Beckett).....	Mr. James Hearn
John of Oxford (called the Swearer).....	Mr. T. Reynolds
Sir Reginald Fitzurse.....	Mr. Frank Tyars
Sir William de Tracy.....	Mr. Lionel Belmonte
Richard de Hastings (Grand Prior of Templars).....	Mr. J. Archer
Lord Leicester.....	Mr. Vincent Sternard
Countreyn.....	Mr. Charles Dodsworth
Eleanor of Aquitaine (Queen of England, divorced from Louis of France).....	Mrs. Cecil Raleigh
Rosamund de Clifford (Fair Rosamund).....	Miss Maud Fealy

The scenery has been specially painted by Mr. Joseph Harker.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

TOWARDS A SOCIAL POLICY: or Suggestions for Constructive Reform. Alston Rivers, Esq. A collection of chapters, reprinted with additions from "The Speaker."

CATS FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT, by Frances Simpson. Pitman, 2s. A new and revised edition brought up to date. The numerous illustrations reveal the prize cat in all its glory as a most magnificent beast, and with classifications to amaze the uninitiated.

THE LAW RELATING TO FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS. A practical guide to the law and its administration, by May E. Abraham. Eyre and Spottiswood, 5s. This is the fifth edition, and has been brought thoroughly up to date. Miss Abraham was a factory inspector—now she is Mrs. H. J. Tennant, wife of the M.P.

THE MACDONNELLS, by J. A. C. Sykes. Heinemann, 6s. A tale which portrays life in mid-Victorian days. Life seems to have improved.

A VAGRANT ENGLISHMAN, by Catherine J. Dodd. Smith, Elder, 6s. Hardly so much a novel as a book of travel but none the less interesting.

"The Belgrave Mystery," by Treve Roscoe. "Poison Remains and Poison Mysteries," by J. S. Thompson; "The Lost Countess Palatine," by Richard Henry Savage; "Forest King's Riders," by Geoffrey Boyliffe; "The Automobile," by Charles Little; "Radium and the Detective," by Albert E. Bull; "The Man Who Stole the Crown," by Treve Roscoe. Each of these books is all thoroughly legible, but it is a pity that some of them should be printed in Holland.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A WOODEN BOTTLE?

You have probably seen glass bottles, earthenware bottles, china bottles, iron bottles, indiarubber bottles for hot water, and you may even have seen one of those leather bottles celebrated in the ancient song, but have never yet seen a wooden one. If you purchase a bottle of "Antexema Granules" you will see this curiosity, because they are put up in this way.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

Between two and three hundred years ago William Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and a marvellous discovery it was. When it was once understood that the heart was continually pumping the blood through every inch of the body, that this bathed all the tissues, cleansed them of their impurities, was thus rendered impure itself, and then needed to be purified by the lungs, quite a new light was thrown on the treatment of disease. One most important truth emphasised by the discovery was the exceeding importance of maintaining perfect blood purity.

WHAT DOES BLOOD IMPURITY MEAN?

Some people seem to imagine that in stating their blood is impure you are making some sort of personal reflection. Any idea of this sort is, of course, absurd. What is meant is that the blood contains certain impure matter which, without help, the system is unable to free itself from. It also means that the blood is deficient in certain natural, purifying elements, and in that case obviously the health will suffer, as the obnoxious matter retained in the body will work mischief. If the blood is carrying impure matter throughout the system instead of life, health, and renewing power, you cannot help feeling ill, and you will not get better till your blood is purified.

SIGNS OF BLOOD IMPURITY.

Our great national poet, Shakespeare, said that "Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions." Scores of illustrations of this fact may be seen every day in the week. You meet people with spots on their skin—scurvy, boils, abscesses, gumbos, whitlows—all caused by blood impurity, and showing that the blood requires a sort of spring cleaning. If you are suffering in this way you need "Antexema Granules," and you will find they work magical effects.

WHAT THE BLOOD IS.

The function of the blood has been explained, but nothing has been said about the wonderful little living organisms which live and move about in the blood itself. These are called red corpuscles, and are of two kinds, red and white. When the blood is passing through the lungs the red corpuscles take up oxygen from the air breathed and convey it to the very farthest extremities of the body. The white corpuscles have other work to do. Everyone now knows that most, if not all, forms of illness are due to the presence of microbes in the body, which they work mischief if they get a chance. The work of the white corpuscles is to devour the disease germs and prevent them doing harm. There should, therefore, be plenty of white corpuscles in the blood, and these should be full of vigour, fight, and energy, as in that case the assaults of mischievous microbes will be defeated and health maintained.

CANCER AND MODERN SCIENCE.

Dr. Royden, the famous French medical scientist, who has discovered the cancer microbe, has recently been interviewed. The nature of cancer was discussed, and also the way it is propagated. In reply to the question as how cancer was transmitted, he said, "Much, I think, as consumption is; not more. It is not directly infectious or contagious, but there is certainly danger where cancerous patients are, as, for instance, the room wherein a case has died. The microbe lurks in the dust, in the air, the clothes, everywhere, waiting for the condition in which it develops." In answer to the question as to the conditions are, Dr. Royden said, "Always a weak state of health, a low condition of the blood, coupled with some spot which has been weakened by the results of a blow or wound setting up inflammation."

WHAT "ANTEXEMA GRANULES" DO.

"Antexema Granules" contain the purifying elements of the Harrogate Mineral Springs, and purify the blood, remove from it all that is harmful, and the blood is thus rendered proof against microbes of disease. Boils, carbuncles, whitlows, scrofula, showing itself by discharging ears, sore, painful eyes and enlarged neck glands, are all cured by "Antexema Granules." "Antexema Granules" will not, of course, cure a cancer or tumour when once formed, but their purifying effects on the blood are such that their regular use will prevent return of the disease after removal by operation.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD PURE.

The moment you see signs of impurity of your blood you should get a supply of "Antexema Granules." They are beautifully made under careful scientific direction, they do not upset the digestion or stain the teeth, and are sugar-coated, so that children take them readily. People are not only being cured by "Antexema Granules," but grave perils to health are averted by their use. Those exposed to infection should make a point of taking them as a defence against an attack of the disease to which they are exposed.

"Antexema Granules" (registered) are not apocryphal, as such medicines are often dangerous. "Antexema Granules" are supplied in wooden bottles containing 100 granules by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Price 1s. 14d., or, post free, 1s. 2d., from the "Antexema" Co., 83E, Castle-rd., London.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

a laugh that reminded him of the discordant sound which he had heard above the applause in the theatre.

"My nerves must be out of order," he told himself, as at last he reached his hotel, "and I am fancying all manner of foolish things. The echo of my own footsteps, my own shadow! Pshaw! A good night's rest, that's what I want." He remembered that he had hardly closed his eyes the night before; yes, certainly, it was rest he needed.

In the morning he was disposed to laugh at the strange fears that had possessed him the evening before. He awoke refreshed and invigorated, inclined, too, to look into the future with eyes of hope. It was a nuisance that he was obliged to go back to London, but it would not do to offend the Duchess of Portsea, whose portrait he had recently painted, and who was now desirous of giving him another order. Probably he would not be detained many hours in town—a day at the most—there was no need for him to be absent from Plymouth for more than a couple of nights. Certainly he could return before "The Puritan Girl" company moved on to the next town upon its schedule. He had an idea that this was Exeter.

It was as he was about to set off for the station that Cecilia's letter was handed to him. He recognised her handwriting at once, and it was with a thrill of anticipation that he tore open the flap. What could she have to say to him? There had been no promise of correspondence.

His pleasure knew no bounds when he mastered the purport of the note. He felt a wild desire to abandon his visit to London, to go straight to Cecilia and to tell her of his joy. She wished to give up the stage; she was ready to accept his proposal that she should make a home with Lady

Sutton—"If your aunt would really care to have me," so she wrote, "and if you are sure that I can be of any use to her."

"Of course, Aunt Mary will have her," cried the man gleefully, "and all the more readily if I tell her how things stand. It's a good thing that my dear aunt has no prejudice against the stage; she sees it just as I do, recognises its dangers without being bigoted. She'll be very glad to know that Cecilia has given it up."

Had it not been for the thought that he might see Lady Sutton that day and prepare her for his news, it is probable that Montague Sione would, after all, have remained in Plymouth.

"I wonder what's made Cecilia change her mind," he meditated as he drove to the station. "Can anything have happened since I left her? I'll swear she wrote this letter upon sudden impulse. That woman—Paula Chesson—turning up may have something to do with it."

As he took his seat in a first-class smoking carriage he caught sight of Paula Chesson—the woman who had been in his thoughts but a few minutes before. She was in the company of a man with whom, as they walked up and down the platform, she was carrying on an earnest and evidently intimate conversation. Presently the man entered a carriage and continued talking to Paula through the open window. Her hand rested upon the sill, and his lay lightly upon it. As the train was about to start he stooped forward, and it was evident that man and woman kissed.

Montague smiled complacently. Certainly he had been right to warn Cecilia against her friend.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Cecilia awoke with a bad headache, and it was a long time before she could persuade herself to get up. She had drifted in the few short days spent at Plymouth into the late-rising habits of theatrical folk, and concluded that if she was down to break-

fast at eleven she might yet appear before Paula, for the two women had arranged to take their meals together in Paula Chesson's sitting-room.

Cecilia thought painfully of the scene of the night before, or rather of what had taken place in the early hours of the morning. Could it be true—could it really be true—what Paula Chesson had whispered to her? And was the woman really going to desert her husband, and yield to the persuasive eloquence of Julian Darell?

Cecilia arranged her hair with shaking fingers. She felt as if she were living through some wild, dream-like scene, and being brought into contact with strange and terrible passions and emotions. What was this love, she asked herself, this strange thing called love, which made a woman ready to throw everything to the winds—honour, loyalty, worldly position, and all for the sake of a few hours of hot happiness—hours which might be followed by a lifetime of remorse.

The more Cecilia pondered over the situation the more incomprehensible Paula's attitude appeared. She seemed throwing away so much to gain so little. Perhaps she was trusting herself to another Robert Lidiard. Cecilia shivered at the mere thought, then a look of extraordinary resolve and determination came over her pale, and she said to herself, "I will save Paula, and I will save Paula," she muttered. "She shall not wreck her life, and ruin her happiness both in this world and the next. I will save her from Julian Darell. She was weak last night, but she shall be firm to-day. I will throw my arms round Paula and drag her back from the brink of the precipice, and then I will call her the Puritan girl in the play, and the time has come for me to play the Puritan's part."

She set her lips in a determined line. She had quite lost her expression of shrinking nervousness, her air of shy timidity. She was a calm and resolute-faced woman, a woman bent on saving another

(Continued on page 13.)

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Re BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO. (Late of Old street, London). F. HOGGSON and SONS, of Leeds, have purchased for cash the whole of the above business, good will, and effects from the Official Trustee in Bankruptcy. Reduced Sale Catalogue of Brussels, Axminster, Tapestry, Velvet, and Foreign Carpets and Hearthrugs, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, etc., sent post free if mentioning the "Daily Mirror." 12-1-1905, when writing.

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HAPPY THOUGHTS FOR FLORAL DECORATION.

THE QUEEN'S SKILL IN ARRANGING FLOWERS.

By CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

Hothouse flowers are not so inevitable on the table in April as in March, and the roses and carnations that have seemed a necessity all the winter are now replaced by white Roman hyacinths and mignonette, and by the soft, yet brilliant, genesta, as well as the Lent lilies, lilac, violets, and other spring flowers that now abound.

Yellow is a safe choice on a day that promises to be dull, and a dreary room is brightened as with a ray of sunlight by the use of daffodils, sulphur daisies, and the like.

A Study in Golds.

A pretty scheme of colour in table decoration was one which met my eyes at a country house where I lately spent a week-end. The mahogany table was polished so that it shone again and revealed all its reddest lights; the doyleys of white cambric were edged with Carrickmacross lace; the glasses were of Venetian "gold dust"; and the glasses holding tall, yellow tulips were of silver gilt.

A star, square, or round device of rose or Parma violet petals, flatly arranged, makes a charming base for one large gold or silver vase of roses or Parma violets, or for three or four specimen glasses. Arum or Caudia lilies are exquisite arranged in a sun-ray fashion, the stalks cut in graduated lengths, and meeting in the middle of the table, so that each plate has its own lily-head resting by it.

A Lesson the Queen Learned.

Japanese floral arrangements are much adopted both in London and Paris by the lovers of the good, beautiful, and the true." The study of floral arrangement in Japan corresponds to the study of music and painting in European centres, and is one of the most difficult arts to master. I speak on the authority of Miss Dorothy Mompes who, when in Japan, made a study of it.

Queen Alexandra, a real enthusiast for artistic decoration and for flowers, is one of the few women in England who, besides Miss Mompes, has made a serious study of Japanese methods.

Each setting of plants or blossoms is supposed to represent earth, air, water, or heaven, earth, and man. The vase and water mean earth, the short-stemmed flowers man, and the tall ones heaven.

The house of every Jap, be he poor or rich, contains flowers, which, ranged in order, mean a language to the initiated, since there are some blossoms or leaves which represent months, others weeks, and others days.

Vases That Signify Something.

A family of any standing owns artistically correct vases also, as well as vase-holders and appropriate flowers, and every man or woman who crosses their threshold is always met upon a table arranged with a few flowers on its arrival. Mercifully, the arrangement is not understood to be an elaborate one, but if the guest performs his task in a perfunctory way,

it is expected of him that he should make another, and yet another try, until his host may conscientiously praise the effort.

It is difficult" (I quote one who has visited Yokohama) "for those who have never felt the mentally-quiet atmosphere of the East to realise the existence of a country whose people have time to make several years' study of the placing of

miniature orange trees have been sold in London for the dinner-table, and with their deep-toned fruit and leaves both in colour and form, have delighted all eyes.

New tiny azaleas and rose trees are offered by the florists for the same purpose, and, by-the-by, we may have liliputian apple and pear trees. But I wonder that little almond trees—surely the



The very pretty coat-corsage depicted above is made of prune satin-cloth, to match the skirt with which it is worn. A very narrow prune leather collar outlines the lace chemisette, and a big bunch of Parma violets is tucked into the supple leather cincture.

flowers, or to believe that a woman lives whose family never has done, and never will do, any harder work than arranging and re-arranging a vase of peach-blossom.

One word more about new floral decorations. During the past winter hundreds of thousands of

loveliest of all—have never been introduced here. The blossoms are of such a heavenly fragility and so delicate, that they are not to be used in full bloom have been the rage for several seasons; but London and Paris have known them, alas, not.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

from a fate which she considered worse than death. When Cecilia entered the little sitting-room she was surprised to find Paula at the breakfast-table—Paula, wearing a hat and with a sable stole flung carelessly over her shoulders. She had evidently just come in or was going out directly after breakfast.

Mrs. Chesson looked radiant. There was plenty of colour in her cheeks, and her eyes shone and glittered; she afforded a curious contrast to Cecilia, for the latter's face was absolutely destitute of colour, also her lids were heavy, and violet stains showed themselves under her eyes. If Cecilia expected Paula Chesson to evince some embarrassment she was disappointed, for her friend only glanced up gaily, and pointed her finger to the clock.

"What a late little girl it is!" laughed Paula. She had not addressed Cecilia since she had whispered her dramatic confession into the girl's ear a few hours earlier, for directly Julian Darell had taken his departure Paula Chesson had gone to her room without saying another word to Cecilia, and the latter had felt too sick at heart to follow her.

"Am I late?" inquired Cecilia listlessly. "I am sorry, Paula, but I have a bad headache." She moved to the table and began to pour herself out a cup of coffee, but her hands trembled nervously, and she wondered what she had better say or do. She had been prepared for an agitated and apologetic Paula, not for the brilliant self-assured woman who glanced at her so happily, so triumphantly.

"I have just been to the station," Mrs. Chesson remarked after a long pause. "I have been to see Julian off; he had to start by an absurdly early train, poor boy."

Cecilia winced at Paula's casual reference to the

man who aspired to be her lover, and the girl's lips involuntarily tightened.

"Have you, Paula?" she answered slowly. Then a spark of joy lit up Cecilia's blue eyes. "I am glad Mr. Darell has gone—I am very glad," she announced firmly. She tried to make her voice stern and reproachful.

Paula Chesson leaned back in her chair and laughed, but there was something a little strained in her merriment.

"You look delicious when you play the prude, my dear," she observed slowly, "but I don't want to be sermoned, all the same. I have made my decision, and nothing will induce me to alter it. I am going to leave my husband for the sake of Julian Darell—to gather my roses whilst I may, and be thankful—oh, so thankful—that the roses are there to gather."

"You are going to lead a life of sin," said Cecilia reproachfully, surveying the other woman with grave eyes. "You are going to betray your husband and yourself. Oh, Paula, stolen fruit can bring no real happiness in the end. The apples of sin must always be bitter apples." Cecilia forgot her perverseness as she spoke, forgot everything but her passionate desire to save Paula Chesson's soul.

Paula laughed softly. "You preach your little sermon very nicely," she said approvingly, "and with a great deal of real eloquence. But I don't think you quite realise, Cecilia, that there are two points of view to every question, and it is always a moot point whether it pays better to be a saint or a sinner. Personally I have begun to think that the sinners have the best of it; they at all events make sure of some sort of Heaven, which is more, after all, than the saints can do."

Paula paused, realising how painfully her words were affecting Cecilia; Cecilia, who shrank from the other woman's brutal cynicism as she would have shrunk back from a blow.

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